A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR

PUBLICK WORSHIP.

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1799.

PSALMS,

Selected principally from TATE and BRADY.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The good Man happy, the Sinner miserable.

I.

HOW bless'd is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk!

II.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

III.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

IV.

Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No laſting root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd,
Like chaff before the wind.

V.

For God approves the juſt man's ways;
To happineſs they tend;
But ſinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. Common Metre.

The Exaltation of the Son of God.

I.

ATTEND, O earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree:
"Thou art my Son; this day, my heir,
"Have I begotten thee.

II.

"Aſk, and receive thy full demands;
"Thine ſhall the heathen be:
"The utmoſt limits of the lands
"Shall be poſſeſs'd by thee."

III.

Learn then, ye princes, and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worſhip the LORD with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears ſuppreſſed: a Morning Pſalm.

I.

THOU, O my God, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely:
Thou art my glory, and ſhalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

II.

Since whenſoe'er, in deep diſtreſs,
To God I made my pray'r,
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why ſhould I now deſpair?

III.

Guarded by him, I laid me down
My ſweet repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
Through him in ſafety wake.

IV.

Salvation to the LORD belongs,
He only can defend;
His bleſſing he extends to all
That on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV. Common Metre.

True Happineſs only in God: an Evening Pſalm.

I.

CONSIDER that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.

II.

Then ſtand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

III.

The place of other ſacrifice
Let righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your hope, ſecurely fix'd,
On God alone rely.

IV.

While worldly minds impatient grow
More proſp'rous times to ſee;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, LORD, on me.

V.

So ſhall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More laſting, and more true,
Than theirs who ſtores of corn and wine
Succeſſively renew.

VI.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful reſt:
No other guard, O LORD, I crave,
Of thy defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

I.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my ſecret pray'r:
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

II.

Thou in the morn my voice ſhalt hear,
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

III.

But when thy boundleſs grace ſhall me
To thy lov'd courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

IV.

LORD, let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
With ſhouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt,
And all that love thy name.

V.

To righteous men, the righteous LORD
His bleſſing will extend;
And with his favour all his ſaints,
As with a ſhield, defend.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

God's Sovereignty and Goodneſs; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

I.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

II.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring ſight;
The moon that nightly rules the ſky,
With ſtars of feebler light;

III.

What's man (ſay I) that, LORD, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offſpring, that thou prov'ſt
To him ſo wond'rous kind?

IV.

Him next in pow'r thou didſt create
To thy celeſtial train,
Ordain'd with dignity and ſtate
O'er all thy works to reign.

V.

They jointly own his pow'rful ſway,
The beaſts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fiſh that cuts the ſeas.

VI.

O thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM IX. Common Metre.

The Truth, Juſtice, and Goodneſs of God.

I.

TO celebrate thy praiſe, O LORD,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

II.

The thought of them ſhall to my ſoul
Exalted pleaſures bring;
Whilſt to thy name, O thou Moſt High!
Triumphant praiſe I ſing.

III.

The LORD for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial juſtice to diſpenſe,
To puniſh or reward.

IV.

God is a conſtant ſure defence
  Againſt oppreſſing rage;
As troubles riſe, his needful aids
  In our behalf engage.

V.

All thoſe who have his goodneſs prov'd,
  Will in his truth confide;
Whoſe mercy ne'er forſook the man
  That on his help rely'd.

VI.

Sing praiſes therefore to the LORD,
  All ye who love his name;
And with loud ſhouts of grateful joy
  His ſaving pow'r proclaim.

PSALM XI. Common Metre.

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

I.

WHEN once the firm aſſurance fails,
  Which publick faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
  From ſuch deceitful arts.

II.

The LORD hath both a temple here,
  And righteous throne above;
Where he ſurveys the ſons of men,
  And how their counſels move.

III.

If God, the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What muſt the ſons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

IV.

The righteous LORD will righteous deeds
With ſignal favour grace;
And to the upright man diſcloſe
The brightneſs of his face.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

The Character of a good Man.

I.

LORD, who's the happy man, that may
To thy bleſs'd courts repair;
Not ſtranger-like, to viſit them,
But to inhabit there?

II.

'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The thing his heart diſproves.

III.

Who never did a ſlander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a falſe report,
By malice whiſper'd round.

IV.

Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with juſt neglect;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
Religiouſly reſpect.

V.

Who to his plighted vows and truſt
Has ever firmly ſtood;
And though he promiſe to his loſs,
He makes his promiſe good.

VI.

Who ſeeks not in oppreſſive ways
His treaſure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe,
The guiltleſs to deſtroy.

VII.

The man who by his ſteady courſe
Has happineſs enſur'd,
When earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand
By providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI. Common Metre.

Hope of the Reſurrection.

I.

I STRIVE each action to approve
To God's all-ſeeing eye;
No danger ſhall my hopes remove,
Becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

II.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice:
My fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe,
Wak'd by his powerful voice.

III.

He will the paths of life diſplay,
Which to his preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. Long Metre.

Confidence in the Protection of God.

I.

NO change of times ſhall ever ſhock
My firm affection, LORD, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a rock,
A fortreſs and defence to me.

II.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
My truſt is in thy mighty pow'r:
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad,
At home my ſafeguard and my tow'r.

III.

To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
To God addreſs'd my humble moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

IV.

The LORD did on my ſide engage;
From heav'n, his throne, my cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly ſwell'd.

V.

Thou to the juſt ſhalt juſtice ſhow;
The pure thy purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſely chooſe to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

VI.

Then who deſerves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty LORD,
Can with reſiſtleſs power defend?

PSALM XIX. First Part. Common Metre.

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God.

I.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and ſtars expreſs
Their great Creator's ſkill.

II.

The dawn of each returning day
Freſh beams of knowledge brings;
From darkeſt night's ſucceſſive rounds
Divine inſtruction ſprings.

III.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and underſtood
Alike by all mankind.

IV.

Their doctrine does its ſacred ſenſe
Through earth's extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright contents the circling ſun
Does round the world convey.

V.

No bridegroom for his nuptials dreſs'd,
Has ſuch a cheerful face:
No giant doth like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.

VI.

From eaſt to weſt, from weſt to eaſt,
His reſtleſs courſe he goes;
And, through his progreſs, cheerful light
And vital warmth beſtows.

PSALM XIX. Firſt Part. Long Metre.

The Heavens declare the glory of God.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

II.

Th' unwearied ſun from day to day
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:

IV.

Whilſt all the ſtars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found:

VI.

In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine.

PSALM XIX. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.

I.

GOD's perfect law converts the ſoul,
Reclaims from falſe deſires;
With ſacred wiſdom his ſure word
The ignorant inſpires.

II.

The ſtatutes of the LORD are juſt,
And bring ſincere delight;
His pure commands in ſearch of truth
Aſſiſt the feebleſt ſight.

III.

His perfect worſhip here is fix'd,
On ſure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the ſcales
Of truth and juſtice weigh'd.

IV.

Of more eſteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with ſkill;
More ſweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb diſtil.

V.

But what frail man obſerves how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O! cleanſe me from my ſecret faults,
Thou God that know'ſt them all.

VI.

Let no preſumptuous ſin, O LORD,
Dominion have o'er me;
That by thy grace preſerv'd, I may
The great tranſgreſſion flee.

PSALM XX. Common Metre.

For a Day of Prayer in time of War.

I.

TO thy ſalvation, LORD, for aid,
We cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy name diſplay'd:
O LORD, accept our pray'r.

II.

Our hopes are fix'd, that now the LORD
His people will defend;
From heav'n reſiſtleſs aid afford,
And to our pray'r attend.

III.

Some truſt in ſteeds, for war deſign'd;
On chariots ſome rely:
Againſt them all we'll call to mind
The pow'r of God moſt high.

IV.

But from their ſteeds and chariots thrown
Behold them through the plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
Whilſt firm our troops remain.

V.

Still ſave us, LORD, and ſtill proceed
Our rightful cauſe to bleſs:
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need,
The pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXII. First Part. Common Metre.

For Good Friday.

I.

MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me,
When I with anguiſh faint?
O! why ſo far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint?

II.

My blood like water's ſpill'd, my joints
Are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart diſſolves within my breaſt,
Like wax before the flame.

III.

My ſtrength like potter's earth is parch'd,
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the ſilent ſhades of death
My fainting ſoul withdraws.

IV.

Like blood-hounds to ſurround me, they
In pack'd aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive hands,
They pierc'd my harmleſs feet.

V.

My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a ſpectacle of wo
As paſtime they behold.

VI.

As ſpoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my veſture caſt:
Therefore approach, O LORD, my ſtrength,
And to my ſuccour haſte.

PSALM XXII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

Obedience to God due from all Men.

I.

LET all the glad converted world
To God their homage pay;
And ſcatter'd nations of the earth
One ſov'reign Lord obey.

II.

'Tis his ſupreme prerogative
O'er ſubject kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the world,
Who does the world ſuſtain.

III.

The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty muſt confeſs;
The ſons of want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous patron bleſs.

IV.

With humble worſhip to his throne,
Let all for aid reſort:
That pow'r which firſt their beings gave,
Can only them ſupport.

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

THE LORD himſelf, the mighty LORD,
Vouchſafes to be my guide,
The ſhepherd, by whoſe conſtant care
My wants are all ſupply'd.

II.

In tender graſs he makes me feed,
And gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool ſhades, and where
Refreſhing water flows.

III.

He does my wand'ring ſoul reclaim,
And to his endleſs praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble zeal to walk
In his moſt righteous ways.

IV.

I paſs the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and ſtaff
Defend and comfort me.

V.

Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his worſhip ſpend.

PSALM XXIII. Six Line Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

THE LORD my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

III.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I ſtray,
His preſence ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

IV.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrours overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For, thou, O LORD, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the diſmal ſhade.

PSALM XXIV. First Part. Common Metre.

The Man whom God approves.

I.

THIS ſpacious earth is all the LORD's;
The LORD her fulneſs is;
The world, and all that dwell therein,
By ſov'reign right are his.

II.

But for himſelf, this LORD of all
One choſen ſeat deſign'd:
O! who ſhall to that ſacred hill
Deſerv'd admittance find?

III.

The man whoſe hands and heart are pure,
Whoſe thoughts from pride are free;
Who honeſt poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

IV.

This, this is he, on whom the LORD
Shall ſhow'r his bleſſings down;
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
With righteouſneſs to crown.

V.

Such is the race of ſaints, by whom
The ſacred courts are trod;
And ſuch the pious proſelytes,
That ſeek the face of God.

PSALM XXIV. Second Part. Com. Metre.

The LORD *the King of Glory.*

I.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: ſee! he comes
With his celeſtial train.

II.

Who is this King of glory? who?
The LORD for ſtrength renown'd:
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

III.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,
In ſtate to entertain
The King of glory: ſee! he comes
With all his ſhining train.

IV.

Who is this King of glory? who?
The LORD of hoſts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV. First Part. Short Metre.

Seeking divine Forgiveneſs and Direction.

I.

THY mercies, and thy love,
O LORD, recal to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
As thou wert ever, kind.

II.

Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wond'rous goodneſs' ſake,
In mercy think on me.

III.

His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous LORD diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring ſinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

IV.

He thoſe in juſtice guides,
Who his direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred paths ſhall lead
The humble and the meek.

V.

Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious hearts,
To his bleſs'd will incline.

PSALM XXV. Second Part. Short Metre.

God's Compaſſion to thoſe who humbly obey him.

I.

SINCE mercy is the grace
That moſt exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous ſin, O LORD,
And ſo advance thy name.

II.

Whoe'er with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the LORD a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.

III.

For God to all his ſaints
His ſecret will imparts;
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

The Safety of truſting in God.

I.

CONTINUE, LORD, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy all my pray'rs receive,
Nor my requeſt deny.

II.

When us to ſeek thy glorious face
Thou kindly doſt adviſe;
Thy glorious face I'll always ſeek,
My grateful heart replies.

III.

Then hide not thou thy face, O LORD,
Nor me in wrath reject:
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didſt ſo oft protect.

IV.

I truſted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd;
Or elſe my fainting ſoul had ſunk,
With ſorrow compaſs'd round.

V.

God's time with patient faith expect,
And he'll inſpire thy breaſt
With inward ſtrength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the reſt.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

The Majeſty of God in Thunder.

I.

JEHOVAH with amazing noiſe,
The wat'ry clouds in ſunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heav'n in thunder ſpeaks.

II.

How full of pow'r his voice appears!
With what majeſtick terrour crown'd!
Which from the roots tall cedars tears,
And ſtrews their ſcatter'd branches round.

III.

They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are ſometimes hurry'd far away;
And leap like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful play.

IV.

When God in thunder loudly ſpeaks,
And ſcatter'd flames of lightning ſends,
The vallies roar, the deſart quakes,
The ſtubborn foreſt lowly bends.

V.

He makes the hinds to caſt their young,
And lays the beaſts' dark coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his courts belong,
Securely ſing his praiſes there.

VI.

God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundleſs ſway ſhall never ceaſe;
His people he'll with ſtrength ſupply,
And bleſs his own with conſtant peace.

PSALM XXX. Common Metre.

Sickneſs healed, and Sorrow removed.

I.

I'LL celebrate thy praiſes, LORD,
Who didſt thy pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping head, and change
My mourning into joy.

II.

In my diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
Who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws,
My hopeleſs life retrieve.

III.

Thy wrath has but a moment's reign;
Thy favour no decay:
My night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

IV.

Exalted thus, I gladly ſing
Thy praiſe in grateful verſe;
And as thy favours endleſs are,
Thy endleſs praiſe rehearſe.

PSALM XXXII. Long Metre.

Forgiveneſs of Sin upon Confeſſion.

I.

HE's bleſs'd who has thy pardon gain'd,
Whoſe ſins, O God, no more appear;

Whoſe guilt remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe repentance is ſincere.

II.

No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

III.

True penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
Who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found;
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall ſee remorſeleſs ſinners drown'd.

IV.

Thy ſaints that have perform'd thy laws,
Their life in triumph ſhall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cauſe,
In grateful raptures ſhout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII. First Part. Com. Metre.

The Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

LET all the juſt to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raiſe;
For well the righteous it becomes
To ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

II.

For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He juſtice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodneſs crown'd.

III.

By his almighty word at firſt
Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hoſts of light
At his command appear'd.

IV.

The ſwelling floods together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a ſtore-houſe ſafe,
The wat'ry treaſures by.

V.

Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling ſtand;
For when he ſpake the word, 'twas made,
'Twas fix'd at his command.

PSALM XXXIII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

The Happineſs of truſting in God.

I.

'TIS God, who thoſe that truſt in him
Beholds with gracious eyes:
He frees their ſoul from death, their want
In time of dearth ſupplies.

II.

How happy then are they, to whom
The LORD for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world beſides,
Has choſen for his own.

III.

Our ſoul on God with patience waits;
Our help and ſhield is he:
Then, LORD, let ſtill our hearts rejoice,
Becauſe we truſt in thee.

IV.

The riches of thy mercy, LORD,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh,
On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. Com. Metre.

Encouragement to love and truſt in God.

I.

THROUGH all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

II.

Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
Till all that are diſtreſs'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

III.

O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my reſcue came.

IV.

Their drooping hearts were ſoon refreſh'd,
Who look'd to him for aid.
Deſir'd ſucceſs in ev'ry face
A cheerful air diſplay'd.

V.

Behold (ſay they) behold the man
Whom Providence reliev'd;
So dang'rouſly with woes beſet,
So wond'rouſly retriev'd!

VI.

The hoſts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his ſuccour truſt.

VII.

O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bleſs'd they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

PSALM XXXIV. Second Part. Com. Metre.

Holineſs, and its Reward.

I.

APPROACH, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
And my inſtruction hear;
I'll teach you the true diſcipline
Of God's religious fear.

II.

Let him who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see,
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free.

III.

The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue:
Establish peace, where 'tis begun;
And where 'tis lost, renew.

IV.

The LORD from heav'n beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

V.

Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave:
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

PSALM XXXV. Common Metre.

For Good Friday.

I.

FALSE witnesses, with forg'd complaints,
Against my truth combin'd;
And to my charge such things they laid
As I had ne'er design'd.

II.

The good which I to them had done,
With evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeſerv'd,
My harmleſs life invade.

PSALM XXXVI. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

I.

O LORD, thy mercy, my ſure hope,
The higheſt orb of heav'n tranſcends;
Thy ſacred truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope
Beyond the ſparkling ſkies extends.

II.

Thy juſtice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world ſuſtains;
The whole creation is thy care.

III.

Since of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance ſhould the juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And ſaints to thy protection truſt.

IV.

Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repaſt;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that ſhall forever laſt.

V.

With thee the ſprings of life remain;
Thy preſence is eternal day:
O let thy ſaints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth diſplay.

PSALM XXXVII. First Part. Six Line L. M.

God protects the good Man.

I.

A LITTLE, with God's favour bleſs'd,
That's by one righteous man poſſeſs'd,
The wealth of many bad excels;
For God ſupports the juſt man's cauſe,
But as for thoſe that break his laws,
Their unſucceſsful pow'r he quells.

II.

The good man's way is God's delight;
He orders all the ſteps aright
Of him that moves by his command:
Though he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Ye ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd;
For God upholds him with his hand.

III.

In all thy ways truſt then the LORD,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect ev'ry juſt deſign:
He'll make, like light ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day ſun to ſhine.

PSALM XXXVII. Second Part. C. Metre.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright.

I.

TO thee, my God, my days are known;
My ſoul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

II.

Each ſecret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

III.

The vacant hour, the active ſcene,
Thy mercy ſhall approve;
And ev'ry pang of ſympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.

IV.

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is guided by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A preſent God ſurveys.

V.

Full in thy view through life I paſs,
And in thy view I die;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

PSALM XXXIX. Common Metre.

The Mortality of Man.

I.

MY life, O God, is but a ſpan,
A cipher ſums my years;
And ev'ry man, in beſt eſtate,
But vanity appears.

II.

Man like a ſhadow vainly walks,
With fruitleſs cares oppreſs'd:
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

III.

Why ſhould I then on worthleſs toys,
With anxious care attend?
On thee alone my ſteadfaſt hopes
Shall ever, LORD, depend.

IV.

LORD, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And liſten to my pray'r,
Who ſojourn like a ſtranger here,
As all my fathers were.

PSALM XL. Long Metre.

Obedience the beſt Sacrifice.

I.

WHO can the wond'rous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?

The treaſures of thy love ſurmount
The pow'r of numbers, ſpeech, and thought.

II.

I've learn'd that thou haſt not deſir'd
Off'rings and ſacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltleſs beaſts requir'd,
For man's tranſgreſſion to atone.

III.

I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart:
'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

IV.

In full aſſemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteouſneſs at large;
Nor did, thou know'ſt, my lips withhold
From utt'ring what thou gav'ſt in charge:

V.

Nor kept within my breaſt confin'd
Thy faithfulneſs and ſaving grace;
But preach'd thy love, for all deſign'd,
That all might that, and truth embrace.

PSALM XLI. Common Metre.

Compaſſion to the Poor rewarded.

I.

HAPPY the man, whoſe tender care
Relieves the poor diſtreſs'd:
When he's by troubles compaſs'd round,
The LORD ſhall give him reſt.

II.

The LORD his life, with bleſſings crown'd,
In ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the will of thoſe
That ſeek to do him wrong.

III.

If he in languiſhing eſtate,
Oppreſs'd with ſickneſs lie,
The LORD will eaſy make his bed,
And inward ſtrength ſupply.

PSALM XLII. First Part. Common Metre.

The Pleaſure of publick Worſhip.

I.

AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams,
When heated in the chaſe,
So longs my ſoul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreſhing grace.

II.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirſty ſoul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy face,
Thou Majeſty divine!

III.

I ſigh, whene'er my muſing thoughts
Thoſe happy days preſent,
When I with troops of pious friends
Thy temple did frequent;

IV.

When I advanc'd with ſongs of praiſe,
My ſolemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful ſacred throng,
That kept the feſtal day.

PSALM XLII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

Hope in Affliction.

I.

GOD of my ſtrength, how long ſhall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
To my oppreſſor's ſcorn.

II.

My heart is pierc'd, as with a ſword,
Whilſt thus my foes upbraid,
Vain boaſter, where is now thy God?
And where his promis'd aid?

III.

Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
Hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal ſpring.

PSALM XLIV. Common Metre.

In time of War.

I.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder times than theirs.

II.

'Twas not their courage, nor their ſword,
To them ſalvation gave;
Nor ſtrength, that from unequal force,
Their fainting troops could ſave:

III.

But thy right hand, and pow'rful arm
Whoſe ſuccour they implor'd;
Thy preſence with the favour'd race,
Who thy great name ador'd.

IV.

As thee their God our fathers own'd,
Thou art our ſov'reign King:
O therefore, as thou didſt to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

V.

We will not truſt our bow or ſword,
When we in fight engage;
But thee, who haſt our foes ſubdu'd,
And ſham'd their ſpiteful rage.

VI.

To thee the triumph we aſcribe,
From whom the conqueſt came:
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bleſs thy name.

PSALM XLV. Long Metre.

The Glory of Chriſt's Kingdom.

I.

OUR hearts a grateful theme ſhall ſing,
The glories of our Saviour King;
Our tongues his merit ſhall proclaim,
And ſpeak the honours of his name.

II.

O'er all the ſons of human race,
He ſhines with a ſuperiour grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

III.

Th' eternal God ſupports his throne:
Our joyful hearts his ſceptre own;
For all his laws and works are right;
Juſtice and truth are his delight.

IV.

God, his own God, has richly ſhed
The oil of gladneſs on his head;
And with his ſacred ſpirit bleſs'd
His firſt born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLVI. Long Metre.

Thankſgiving for national Peace.

I.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and ſkies!
A word of thine almighty breath
Can ſink the world, or bid it riſe;
Thy ſmile is life, thy frown is death.

II.

When angry nations ruſh to arms,
And rage, and noiſe, and tumult reign,
And war reſounds its dire alarms,
And ſlaughter dies the hoſtile plain:

III.

Thy ſov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their courſe, and bounds their pow'r;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noiſe and war are heard no more.

IV.

Then peace returns with balmy wings,
Sweet peace! with her what bleſſings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies ſing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

V.

Thou good, and wiſe, and righteous LORD!
All move ſubſervient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy ſublime decrees fulfil.

VI.

To thee we pay our grateful ſongs,
Thy kind protection ſtill implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confeſs thy goodneſs, and adore.

PSALM XLVI. Six Line Long Metre.

War and Peace.

I.

GOD is our refuge in diſtreſs,
A preſent help when dangers preſs:
In him undaunted we'll confide;
Though earth were from her centre toſs'd,
And mountains in the ocean loſt,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

II.

In tumults when the nations rag'd,
And kingdoms war againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and diſpers'd their pow'rs.
The LORD of hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God and ours.

III.

Come, ſee the wonders he has wrought,
On earth what deſolation brought:
How he has calm'd the jarring world:
He broke the warlike ſpear and bow;
With them the thund'ring chariots too,
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

IV.

Submit to God's almighty ſway;
For him the nations ſhall obey,
And earth her ſov'reign Lord confeſs.
The LORD of hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in diſtreſs.

PSALM XLVII. Long Metre.

Praiſe to the univerſal King.

I.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices ſing;
No force the mighty pow'r withſtands,
Of God, the univerſal King.

II.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With ſhouts of joy, and trumpet's ſound;
To him repeated praiſes ſing,
And let the cheerful ſong go round.

III.

Your utmoſt ſkill in praiſe be ſhown,
For him who all the world commands,
Who ſits upon his righteous throne,
And ſpreads his ſway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM XLIX. Common Metre.

The Vanity of Life and Riches.

I.

THOSE men that all their hope and truſt
In heaps of treaſure place,
And boaſt in triumph, when they ſee
Their ill-got wealth increaſe,

II.

Are yet unable from the grave
Their deareſt friend to free;
Nor can, by force of coſtly bribes,
Reverſe God's firm decree.

III.

Their vain endeavours they muſt quit;
The price is held too high:
No ſums can purchaſe ſuch a grant,
That man ſhould never die.

IV.

Not wiſdom can the wiſe exempt,
Nor fools their folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in death
Their wealth to others leave.

PSALM LI. Firſt Part. Short Metre.

A Penitent praying for Forgiveneſs.

I.

HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;

Let me, oppreſs'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

II.

Waſh off my foul offence,
And cleanſe me from my ſin;
For I confeſs my crime, and ſee
How great my guilt has been.

III.

Againſt thee, LORD, alone,
And only in thy ſight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd; and though condemn'd,
Muſt own thy judgments right.

IV.

Blot out my crying ſins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

PSALM LI. Second Part. Short Metre.

Prayer for divine Aſſiſtance.

I.

WITHDRAW not, LORD, thy help,
Nor caſt me from thy ſight;
Nor let thy holy ſpirit take
Its everlaſting flight.

II.

The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And let thy ſpirit's firm ſupport
My fainting ſoul ſuſtain.

III.

So I thy righteous ways
To ſinners will impart;
Whilſt my advice ſhall wicked men
To thy juſt laws convert.

IV.

Do thou unlock my lips,
With ſorrow clos'd, and ſhame;
So ſhall my mouth thy wond'rous praiſe
To all the world proclaim.

V.

A broken ſpirit is
By God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be deſpis'd.

PSALM LVII. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his Mercy and Truth.

I.

BE thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd;
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

II.

Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your ſtrings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

III.

Thy praiſes, LORD, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning nations round:
Thy mercy higheſt heav'n tranſcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

IV.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd;
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM LXI. Short Metre.

Safety in God.

I.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpleſs and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

II.

O lead me to the rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My ſhelter and my ſhade.

III.

Within thy preſence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

IV.

I'll always ſing thy praiſe,
Thy name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous days to pay
The vows of my diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII. Long Metre.

No Truſt but in God.

I.

GOD does his ſaving health diſpenſe,
And flowing bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my fortreſs and defence,
On him my ſoul ſhall ſtill depend.

II.

In him, ye people, always truſt;
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and juſt,
His timely aid to us imparts.

III.

The vulgar fickle are and frail;
The great diſſemble and betray;
And, laid in truth's impartial ſcale,
The lighteſt things will both outweigh.

IV.

Then truſt not in oppreſſive ways;
By ſpoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increaſe,
Be ſet too much upon your gain.

V.

For God has oft his will expreſs'd,
And I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſs'd,
Belongs of right to God alone.

VI.

Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight;
Yet will he all the human race,
According to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII. Six Line Long Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

I.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'rs ſhall offer'd be;
To thee my ſoul its homage pays:
Becauſe to me thy wond'rous love,
Than life itſelf does dearer prove,
My lips ſhall always ſpeak thy praiſe.

II.

My life, while I that life enjoy,
In bleſſing God, I will employ;
With lifted hands adore his name:
My ſoul's content ſhall be as great
As theirs who choiceſt dainties eat,
While I with joy his praiſe proclaim.

III.

When down I lie, ſweet ſleep to find,
Thou, LORD, art preſent to my mind;
And when I wake in dead of night:
Becauſe thou ſtill doſt ſuccour bring,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wing
I reſt with ſafety and delight.

PSALM LXV. First Part. Long Metre.

Publick Worſhip.

I.

O GOD, who to my humble pray'r
Didſt always bend thy lift'ning ear,
To thee ſhall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

II.

Our ſins, though numberleſs, in vain
To ſtop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty ſtain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon die.

III.

Bleſt is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred dwelling lives!
Whilſt we, at humble diſtance taſte
The vaſt delights thy worſhip gives.

PSALM LXV. Second Part. Long Metre.

Thanks for Rain and fruitful Seaſons.

I.

O GOD, from out thy boundleſs ſtore
Thy rain relieves the thirſty ground;
Makes lands that barren were before,
With corn and uſeful fruits abound.

II.

On riſing ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills:
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle ſhow'rs,
In which a bleſt increaſe diſtils.

III.

Thy goodneſs does the circling year
With freſh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatneſs down.

IV.

They drop on barren foreſts, chang'd
By them to paſtures freſh and green:
The hills about, in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are ſeen.

V.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And ſeem for joy to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI. Common Metre.

The Power and Sovereignty of God.

I.

LET all the lands, with ſhouts of joy,
To God their voices raiſe;
Sing pſalms in honour of his name,
And ſpread his glorious praiſe.

II.

And let them ſay, how dreadful, LORD,
In all thy works, art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy ſtubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

III.

Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confeſs,
And with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name expreſs.

IV.

O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the ſons of men
Has wond'rous judgments ſhown.

V.

He by his pow'r for ever rules;
His eyes the world ſurvey:
Let no preſumptuous man rebel
Againſt his ſov'reign ſway.

PSALM LXVII. Short Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe.

I.

TO bleſs thy choſen race,
In mercy, LORD, incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
On all thy ſaints to ſhine:

II.

That ſo thy wond'rous way
May through the world be known;
While diſtant lands their tribute pay,
And thy ſalvation own.

III.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

IV.

O let them ſhout and ſing,
Diſſolv'd in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

V.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

PSALM LXVIII. Long Metre.

The Compaſſion of God.

I.

TO God your voice in anthems raiſe:
JEHOVAH's awful name he bears:
In him rejoice, extol his praiſe,
Who rides upon high-rolling ſpheres.

II.

Him, from his empire of the ſkies,
To this low world compaſſion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd widow's cauſe.

III.

'Tis God, who from a foreign ſoil
Reſtores poor exiles to their home;
Makes captives free; and fruitleſs toil,
Their proud oppreſſor's righteous doom.

IV.

For benefits each day beſtow'd,
Be daily his great name ador'd!
Who is our Saviour, and our God,
Of life and death the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXIX. Long Metre.

For Good Friday.

I.

LORD, hear the humble pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending goodneſs' ſake;
Relieve thy ſupplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's ſtore.

II.

Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face;
Make haſte, for deſp'rate is my caſe;
Thy timely ſuccour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs foes.

III.

Reproach and grief have broke my heart:
I look'd for ſome to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

IV.

With hunger pin'd, for food I call;
Inſtead of food, they gave me gall;
And when with thirſt my ſpirits ſink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

PSALM LXXI. Common Metre.

The Reflection and Hope of the Aged.

I.

IN thee I put my ſteadfaſt truſt;
Defend me, LORD, from ſhame:
Incline thine ear, and ſave my ſoul;
For righteous is thy name.

II.

Be thou my ſtrong abiding-place,
To which I may reſort:
'Tis thy decree that keeps me ſafe;
Thou art my rock and fort.

III.

Thy conſtant care did ſafely guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'ſt me from my mother's womb,
To ſing thy conſtant praiſe.

IV.

While ſome on me with wonder gaze,
Thy hand ſupports me ſtill:
Thy honour therefore, and thy praiſe,
My mouth ſhall always fill.

V.

Reject not then, thy ſervant, LORD,
When I with age decay:
Forſake me not, when, worn with years,
My vigour fades away.

PSALM LXXII. Long Metre.

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

I.

GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Till ev'ry land his rule ſhall own.

II.

The ſceptre well becomes his hands,
And wiſe and good are his commands;
His laws protect the humble poor,
And bid oppreſſion rage no more.

III.

They form to righteouſneſs the mind,
To all that's candid, gentle, kind;
Inſpire with love the human breaſt,
And ſtormy paſſions ſooth to reſt.

IV.

As gentle rain on parching ground,
His goſpel ſheds its influence round;
Its grace on fainting ſouls diſtils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.

V.

Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to looſe his chains;
The weary find eternal reſt,
And contrite hearts with peace are bleſt.

VI.

Great God, may men of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on thy love with grateful ſong,
And with united hearts proclaim,
That grace and truth by Jeſus came.

PSALM LXXIII. Long Metre.

God our Portion.

I.

LORD, whom in heav'n, but thee alone,
Have I, whoſe favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious earth there's none
That I, beſides thee, can deſire.

II.

My trembling fleſh, and aching heart,
May often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward ſtrength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

III.

For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into ſudden ruin fall:
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.

IV.

But as for me, 'tis good and juſt,
That I ſhould ſtill to God repair,
In him I always put my truſt,
And will his wond'rous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV. Long Metre.

The Goodneſs of God in the Seaſons of the Year.

I.

ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear:
Thy goodneſs crowns the circling year.

II.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports and guides the whole:
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

III.

The flow'ry ſpring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigour ſhine,
To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine.

IV.

Thy hand in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coaſts redundant ſtores;
And winters, ſoften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horrour wear.

V.

Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand ſucceſſive hymns of praiſe:
Still be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening ſhade.

VI.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown purſue the ſongs:
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

PSALM LXXVII. Common Metre.

Comfort from paſt Providences.

I.

HAS God for ever caſt me off?
Withdrawn his favour quite?
Are both his mercy and his truth
Retir'd to endleſs night?

II.

Can his long practis'd love forget
Its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
His mercy's healing ſpring?

III.

I ſaid, my weakneſs hints theſe fears;
But I'll theſe fears diſband;
I'll yet remember the Moſt High,
And years of his right hand.

IV.

I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
On them my heart ſhall meditate,
My tongue ſhall them recite.

V.

Safe lodg'd from human ſearch on high,
O God, thy counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
Who can with him compare?

PSALM LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Religious Education of Children.

I.

HEAR, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the inſtruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts deſcend.

II.

My tongue, by inſpiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but underſtood,
And own'd for truths of old;

III.

Which we from ſacred regiſters
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down.

IV.

We will not hide them from our ſons;
Our offspring ſhall be taught
The praiſes of the LORD, whoſe ſtrength
Has works of wonder wrought.

V.

And generations yet to come
Shall to their unborn heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
And they again to theirs.

PSALM LXXIX. Common Metre.

Prayer for Deliverance from Sin.

I.

O THINK not on our former ſins,
But ſpeedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy ſaints,
Who now with grief repent.

II.

Thou God of our ſalvation, help,
And free our ſouls from blame;
So ſhall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

III.

So we thy people and thy flock
Shall ever praiſe thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX. Long Metre.

Prayer for Converſion.

I.

DO thou convert us, LORD, do thou
The luſtre of thy face diſplay;
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd clouds ſhall paſs away.

II.

To thee, O God of hoſts, we pray;
Our contrite hearts with pity view:
From heav'n, thy throne, our tears ſurvey,
And us with holineſs renew.

III.

So ſhall we ſtill continue free
From whatſoe'er deſerves thy blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praiſe thy holy name.

IV.

Do thou convert us, LORD, do thou
The luſtre of thy face diſplay;
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd clouds ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God.

I.

TO God, our never-failing ſtrength
With loud applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a cheerful noiſe
To heav'n's eternal King.

II.

Compoſe a hymn of praiſe, and touch
Your inſtruments of joy;
Let pſalteries and pleaſant harps
Your grateful ſkill employ.

III.

Let trumpets at the great new moon
Their joyful voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The ſolemn day of praiſe.

PSALM LXXXII. Common Metre.

Warning to Magiſtrates.

I.

GOD in the great aſſembly ſtands,
Where his impartial eye

In ſtate ſurveys the earthly gods,
And does their judgments try.

II.

How dare ye then unjuſtly judge,
Or be to ſinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor:
Let ſuch your juſtice find.

III.

Protect the humble helpleſs man,
Reduc'd to deep diſtreſs;
And let not him become a prey
To ſuch as would oppreſs.

IV.

Ariſe, and thy juſt judgments, LORD,
Throughout the earth diſplay;
And all the nations of the world
Shall own thy righteous ſway.

PSALM LXXXIV. Common Metre.

Delight in the Worſhip of God.

I.

O LORD of hoſts, my King and God,
How highly bleſs'd are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praiſe diſplay!

II.

Thrice happy they, whoſe choice has thee
Their ſure protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!

III.

For in thy courts one ſingle day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, LORD, in any place beſides
A thouſand days to ſpend.

IV.

Much rather in God's houſe will I
The meaneſt office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of ſin
My pompous dwelling make.

V.

For God, who is our ſun and ſhield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that juſtly live.

VI.

Thou God, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
How highly bleſs'd is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
Are ſtill repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXIV. Hallelujah Metre.

Delight in the Worſhip of God.

I.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love
To pious ſpirits are!

To thine abode
Their hearts aſpire,
With warm deſire
To ſee their God.

II.

O happy ſouls that pray,
As God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their worſhip in his fear!
How ſweet muſt be
Their pray'r and praiſe,
Whoſe hearts and ways
Are right with thee!

III.

The righteous he approves,
He hears them when they cry,
And will to thoſe he loves,
No real good deny.
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. Common Metre.

Prayer for publick Deliverance.

I.

THY gracious favour, LORD, diſplay,
Which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous mercy's ſake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

II.

God's anſwer patiently I'll wait;
For he, with good ſucceſs,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning ſaints will bleſs.

III.

To all that fear his holy name,
His ſure ſalvation's near;
And in its former happy ſtate
Our nation ſhall appear.

IV.

For mercy now with truth is join'd;
And righteouſneſs with peace,
Like kind companions abſent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

V.

Truth from the earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt heav'n
Shall ſtreams of juſtice pour;
And God, from whom all goodneſs flows,
Shall endleſs plenty ſhow'r.

VI.

Before him righteouſneſs ſhall march,
Aud his juſt paths prepare;
Whilſt we his holy ſteps purſue
With conſtant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI. First Part. Com. Met.

The Compaſſion of God.

I.

O THOU, the wretched's ſure retreat,
Who doſt our cares control,
And with the cheerful ſmile of peace
Revive the fainting ſoul!

II.

Did ever thine indulgent ear
The humble plea diſdain?
Or when did plaintive miſ'ry ſigh,
Or ſupplicate, in vain?

III.

Oppreſs'd with grief and ſhame, diſſolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodneſs calms our reſtleſs doubts,
And diſſipates our fears.

IV.

New life from thy refreſhing grace
Our ſinking hearts receive;
Thy gentleſt, beſt lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

V.

From that bleſs'd ſource, propitious hope
Appears ſerenely bright,
And ſheds her ſoft and cheering beam
O'er ſorrow's diſmal night.

VI.

Our griefs confeſs their vital pow'r,
And bleſs the friendly ray,
Which uſhers in the ſmiling morn
Of everlaſting day.

PSALM LXXXVI. Second Part. Com. Met.

The only true God.

I.

THEE will I praiſe, O LORD my God,
Praiſe thee with heart ſincere;
And to thy everlaſting name
Eternal trophies rear.

II.

Among the gods there's none like thee,
O LORD, alone divine!
To thee as much inferiour they,
As are their works to thine.

III.

Therefore their great Creator thee,
The nations ſhall adore;
Their long miſguided pray'rs and praiſe
To thy bleſs'd name reſtore.

IV.

All ſhall confeſs thee great, and great
The wonders thou haſt done;
Confeſs thee God, thee God ſupreme,
Confeſs thee God alone.

PSALM LXXXVI. Second Part. Long Met.

The one living and true God.

I.

ETERNAL God, almighty cauſe
Of earth and ſeas and worlds unknown;
All things are ſubject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

II.

Thy glorious being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſs'd;
Controll'd by none in thy commands;
And in thyſelf completely bleſs'd.

III.

Worſhip to thee alone belongs,
Worſhip to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our ſongs,
And to thy glory may we live.

IV.

LORD, ſpread thy name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

PSALM LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Reanimation.

I.

TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night addreſs my cry:

Vouchſafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my diſtreſs incline thine ear.

II.

For ſeas of trouble me invade,
My ſoul draws nigh to death's cold ſhade.
Like one whoſe ſtrength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead.

III.

Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining care,
Down to the confines of deſpair.

IV.

Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From death reſtore, thy praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from priſon would'ſt not bring?

V.

Shall the mute grave thy love confeſs?
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulneſs?
Thy truth and power renown obtain,
Where darkneſs and oblivion reign?

PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. Long Metre.

The Mercy and Truth of God.

I.

THY mercies, LORD, ſhall be my ſong,
My ſong on them ſhall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth ſhall tell.

II.

I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
Thy mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

III.

For ſuch ſtupendous truth and love,
Both heav'n and earth juſt praiſes owe,
By choirs of angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled ſaints below.

PSALM LXXXIX. Second Part. L. Metre.

The Sovereignty of God, and publick Worſhip.

I.

WHAT ſeraph of celeſtial birth
To vie with thee, O God, ſhall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth,
With our almighty LORD compare?

II.

LORD God of armies, who can boaſt
Of ſtrength or pow'r, like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful hoſt,
As that which does thy throne ſurround?

III.

Thou doſt the lawleſs ſea control,
And change the proſpect of the deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'ſt the rolling billows ſleep.

IV.

In thee the ſov'reign right remains
Of earth and heav'n; thee, LORD, alone,
The world and all that it contains,
Their maker and preſerver own.

V.

Thy arm is mighty, ſtrong thy hand;
Yet, LORD, thou doſt with juſtice reign:
Poſſeſs'd of abſolute command,
Thou truth and mercy doſt maintain.

VI.

Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy ſacred trumpet's joyful ſound;
Who may at feſtivals appear,
With thy moſt glorious preſence crown'd.

VII.

With rev'rence and religious dread,
Thy ſaints will to thy temple preſs;
Thy fear through all their hearts ſhall ſpread,
Who thine almighty name confeſs.

PSALM XC. First Part. Common Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

I.

O LORD, the ſaviour and defence
Of us thy choſen race,
From age to age thou ſtill haſt been
Our ſure abiding place.

II.

Before thou brought'ſt the mountains forth,
Or earth receiv'd its frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the ſame.

III.

Thou turneſt man, O LORD, to duſt,
Of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the word, return,
'Tis inſtantly obey'd.

IV.

For in thy ſight a thouſand years
Are like a day that's paſt,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whoſe hours unminded waſte.

V.

Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a flood;
We vaniſh hence like dreams;
At firſt we grow like graſs that feels
The ſun's reviving beams:

VI.

But howſoever freſh and fair
Its morning beauty ſhows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
Before the ev'ning cloſe.

PSALM XC. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Frailty and Shortneſs of Life.

I.

OUR term of time is ſeventy years,
An age that few ſurvive;
But if, with more than common ſtrength,
To eighty we arrive;

II.

Yet then our boaſted ſtrength decays,
To ſorrow turn'd and pain:
So ſoon the ſlender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

III.

But who thy anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or riſe,
As more or leſs we fear.

IV.

So teach us, LORD, th' uncertain ſum
Of our ſhort days to mind,
That to true wiſdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM XC. Third Part. Common Metre.

Prayer for divine Mercy and Aſſiſtance.

I.

O TO thy ſervants, LORD, return,
And ſpeedily relent!

As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

II.

To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come,
In joy and comfort spend.

III.

Let happy times with large amends
Dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the least the term
Of our afflicted years.

IV.

To all thy servants, LORD, let this
Thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious pow'r be shown.

V.

Let thy bright rays upon us shine;
Give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM XCI. Six Line Long Metre.

Safety amidst publick Diseases and Dangers.

I.

HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,

Secure and undiſturb'd abide.
Thus to my ſoul, of him I'll ſay,
He is my fortreſs and my ſtay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

II.

His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's ſnare,
And from the noiſome peſtilence;
He over thee his wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth ſhall be thy ſtrong defence.

III.

No terrours that ſurpriſe by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly ſhafts that fly by day;
Nor plague, of unknown riſe, that kills
In darkneſs, nor infectious ills
That in the hotteſt ſeaſon ſlay.

PSALM XCII. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day.

I.

HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
To thank the LORD moſt high;
And with repeated hymns of praiſe,
His name to magnify.

II.

With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
His goodneſs to relate;

And of his conſtant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat.

III.

To ten-ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing,
With tuneful pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp, with ſolemn ſounds,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

IV.

For through thy wond'rous works, O LORD,
Thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
And ſhout with cheerful voice.

PSALM XCIII. Long Metre.

The Eternity and Sovereignty of God.

I.

WITH glory clad, with ſtrength array'd,
The LORD, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.

II.

How ſurely 'ſtabliſh'd is thy throne!
Which ſhall no change or period ſee;
For thou, O LORD, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

III.

The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,
And toſs the troubled waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their noiſe,
And make the angry ſea comply.

IV.

Thy promiſe, LORD, is ever ſure;
And they that in thy houſe would dwell,
That happy ſtation to ſecure,
Muſt ſtill in holineſs excel.

PSALM XCIV. Common Metre.

The Bleſſedneſs of Affliction.

I.

BLESS'D is the man whom thou, O LORD,
In kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred rules to walk
Doſt lovingly adviſe.

II.

This man ſhall reſt and ſafety find
In ſeaſons of diſtreſs;
Whilſt God prepares a pit for thoſe
That ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.

III.

For God will never from his ſaints
His favour wholly take;
His own poſſeſſion and his lot,
He will not quite forſake.

IV.

The world ſhall then confeſs thee juſt
In all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chooſe thy upright ways,
Shall in thoſe paths go on.

PSALM XCV. Long Metre.

Publick Worſhip.

I.

O COME, loud anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.

II.

Into his preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his favours paſt;
To him addreſs, in joyful ſongs,
The praiſe that to his name belongs.

III.

For God the LORD, enthron'd in ſtate,
Is, with unrivall'd glory, great;
A King ſuperiour far to all
Whom by his title, God, we call.

IV.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her ſecret wealth at his command;
The ſtrength of hills, that threat the ſkies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

V.

The rolling ocean's vaſt abyſs
By the ſame ſov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid land.

VI.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the LORD our Maker fall.

PSALM XCVI. Ninth Metre.

Praiſe to the Supreme Ruler and Judge.

I.

SING to the LORD a new-made ſong;
Let earth, in one aſſembled throng,
Her common patron's praiſe reſound.
Sing to the LORD, and bleſs his name,
From day to day his praiſe proclaim,
Who us has with ſalvation crown'd.
To heathen lands his fame rehearſe,
His wonders to the univerſe.

II.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In majeſty and glory rais'd
Above all other deities.
For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call:
He only rules who made the ſkies.
With majeſty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and ſtrength his throne ſurround.

III.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whoſe pow'r the univerſe ſuſtains,
And baniſh'd juſtice will reſtore.
Let therefore heav'n new joys confeſs,
And heav'nly mirth let earth expreſs;
Its loud applauſe the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

IV.

For joy let fertile vallies ſing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The LORD's approach to celebrate,
Who now ſets out with awful ſtate,
His circuit through the earth to take.
From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With juſtice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVI. Tenth Metre.

Praiſe to the ſupreme Ruler and Judge.

I.

O SING to the LORD a new ſong,
Let th' univerſe join in the ſtrain,
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bleſs the kind pow'r
From whom our ſalvation deſcends:

How great is the God we adore!
How rich are the bleſſings he ſends!

II.

In the beauty of holineſs bow;
O worſhip with fear and with love;
How ſolemn his temples below!
How glorious his preſence above!
Proclaim to the nations around,
That our God th' omnipotent reigns,
Whoſe righteouſneſs ſpace cannot bound,
Whoſe purpoſe unalter'd remains.

III.

O let the wide heavens rejoice,
The earth with her myriads be glad,
Old ocean ſhall join his loud voice,
And the woods in rich verdure be clad:
Rejoice! for the LORD is at hand;
Prepare, for his judgment is nigh:
Before him all nations ſhall ſtand;
No guilt from his juſtice can fly.

PSALM XCVII. Long Metre.

The Majeſty of God's Kingdom, and the Rewards of Righteouſneſs.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his juſt government rejoice;

Let all the iſles with ſacred mirth,
In his applauſe unite their voice.

II.

Darkneſs and clouds of awful ſhade
His dazzling glory ſhrou'd in ſtate;
Juſtice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

III.

Thou, O our God, art ſeated high,
Above earth's potentates enthron'd;
Thou, LORD, unrivall'd in the ſky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

IV.

You who to ſerve this LORD aſpire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth eſteem:
He'll keep his ſervants' ſouls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

V.

For ſeeds are ſown of glorious light,
A future harveſt for the juſt;
And gladneſs for the heart that's right,
To recompenſe its pious truſt.

VI.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD;
Memorials of his holineſs,
Deep in your faithful breaſts record,
And with your thankful tongues confeſs.

PSALM XCVIII. Common Metre.

The Power and Salvation of God.

I.

SING to the LORD a new-made ſong,
Who wond'rous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm,
The conqueſt he has won.

II.

The LORD has through th' aſtoniſh'd world
Diſplay'd his ſaving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's ſight.

III.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal joy
Reſound their Maker's praiſe.

IV.

Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all that ſeas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.

V.

With joy let riv'lets ſwell to ſtreams,
To ſpreading torrents they;
And echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled ſhouts convey;

VI.

To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with juſtice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX. Short Metre.

The Holineſs of God.

I.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
And holy is his throne:
Let all the nations humbly fear,
And worſhip him alone.

II.

Let all with praiſe addreſs
His great and dreadful name;
His wiſdom, pow'r, and majeſty,
And holineſs proclaim.

III.

Exalt the LORD our God,
Before his footſtool fall;
His mercy, truth, and faithfulneſs,
And holineſs extol.

IV.

With worſhip at his courts,
Exalt our God and LORD;
For he who only holy is,
Alone ſhould be ador'd.

PSALM C. Long Metre.

Praiſe to our Creator.

I.

BEFORE Jehovah's lofty throne,
Ye nations, bow with ſacred joy:
Know that the LORD is God alone;
He can create, and he deſtroy.

II.

His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

III.

We are his people, we his care,
Our ſouls and all our mortal frame:
What laſting honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

IV.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs;
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth, with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

V.

Wide as the world is thy command!
Vaſt as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth ſhall ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

Juſt Rulers encourage good Men.

I.

WHEN, LORD, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe diſcipline my reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs life myſelf I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.

II.

No ill deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my fav'rites make that do.
Who to reproof has no regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.

III.

The private ſlanderer ſhall be
In publick juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortify the heart of pride.

IV.

But honeſty, call'd from her cell,
In ſplendour at my court ſhall dwell:
Who virtue's practice make their care,
Shall have the firſt preferments there.

V.

No politicks ſhall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend:
None e'er ſhall to my favour riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious lies.

PSALM CII. Common Metre.

The Immutability of God.

I.

THROUGH endleſs years thou art the ſame,
O ever bleſſed God!
Ages to come ſhall ſound thy praiſe,
And tell thy works abroad.

II.

The ſtrong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous ſkill have made.

III.

Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
They ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And like a garment often worn,
Shall tarniſh and decay.

IV.

Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
Nor have thy years an end.

V.

Thou to the children of thy ſaints
Shalt laſting quiet give;
Whoſe happy race, ſecurely fix'd,
Shall in thy preſence live.

PSALM CIII. First Part. Long Metre.

The Mercy of God.

I.

THE LORD abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace:
His waken'd wrath doth ſlowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

II.

God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his puniſhments to guide,
More by his love than our deſert.

III.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little ſpot of clay;
So much his boundleſs love tranſcends
The ſmall reſpects that we can pay.

IV.

As far as 'tis from eaſt to weſt,
So far has he our ſins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breaſt
Has ſuch as fear'd him always lov'd.

V.

For God, who all our frame ſurveys,
Conſiders that we are but clay;
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our days
Like graſs or flow'rs muſt fade away.

PSALM CIII. Second Part. Long Metre.

Angelick Praiſe.

I.

THE LORD, the univerſal King,
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great ſtrength his pow'r is ſhown.

II.

Ye that his juſt commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred will;
Ye hoſts of his, this tribute pay,
Who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.

III.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bleſs
The mighty LORD; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks expreſs,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV. Firſt Part. Long Metre.

The Majeſty of God.

I.

BLESS God, my ſoul; thou, LORD, alone
Poſſeſſeſt empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd; thy throne
Eternal majeſty ſurrounds.

II.

With light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;

Heav'n's curtains ſtretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of ſtate to make.

III.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the ſkies;
The clouds his chariots are, and ſtorms
The ſwift-wing'd ſteeds with which he flies.

IV.

As bright as flame, as ſwift as wind,
His miniſters heav'n's palace fill,
To have their ſundry taſks aſſign'd;
All proud to ſerve their ſov'reign's will.

PSALM CIV. Second Part. Eighth Metre.

The Bleſſing of Rain and Fountains.

I.

GOD's providence fix'd
The ſtream and its ſource;
The ſea knows its bounds,
The rivers their courſe;
Convey'd through dark conduits,
Springs riſe on the hills;
They burſt in the fountains,
They fall in the rills.

II.

The beaſts of the wild
Their foreſt forſake;
The herd quits the field,
To drink of the lake;

On trees crown'd with verdure,
Its margin along,
Birds, warbling ſweet muſick,
Praiſe God in their ſong.

III.

Deſcending on hills,
Clouds plenteouſneſs pour;
All nature revives,
Earth ſmiles in the ſhow'r;
A garment of verdure
Apparels the plain,
Fruits ſwell in the garden,
Fields wave with their grain.

PSALM CIV. Third Part. Long Metre.

For Huſbandmen.

I.

GRASS, for our cattle to devour,
God makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs, for man's uſe, of various pow'r,
That either food or phyſick yield.

II.

With cluſter'd grapes he crowns the vine,
To cheer man's heart oppreſs'd with cares;
Gives oil that makes his face to ſhine,
And corn that waſted ſtrength repairs.

III.

The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with ſap are fed:
The mountain cedar looks as fair,
As thoſe in royal gardens bred.

IV.

The moon's inconſtant aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed ſeaſons of the year;
Th' inſtructed ſun his duty knows,
His hours to riſe and diſappear.

V.

Forth to the tillage of his ſoil,
The huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the ſun his toil,
With him returns to his repoſe.

VI.

How various, LORD, thy works are found;
For which thy wiſdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treaſure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can graſp no more.

PSALM CIV. Fourth Part. Long Metre.

For Seamen.

I.

O GOD, the vaſt unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new ſcene ſupplies,
Whoſe depths inhabitants contain,
Of ev'ry form and ev'ry ſize.

II.

Full freighted ſhips from ev'ry port,
There cut their unmoleſted way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, has compaſs there to play.

III.

The various troops of ſea and land,
In ſenſe of common want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

IV.

They gather what thy ſtores diſperſe,
Without their trouble to provide:
Thou op'ſt thy hand, the univerſe,
The craving world, is all ſupply'd.

PSALM CIV. Fifth Part. Long Metre.

The univerſal Providence of God.

I.

THOU, LORD, a moment hid'ſt thy face,
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn:
Thou tak'ſt their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother earth return.

II.

Again thou ſend'ſt thy ſpirit forth,
T' inſpire the maſs with vital ſeed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and parent earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.

III.

Thus through ſucceſſive ages ſtands
Firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
Thou doſt the waſtes of time repair.

IV.

One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breaſt with terrour fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of ſmoke,
In darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt hills.

V.

In praiſing God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my ſongs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

PSALM CV. Common Metre.

Seeking God.

I.

O RENDER thanks, and bleſs the LORD;
Invoke his ſacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchleſs deeds proclaim.

II.

Sing to his praiſe, in lofty hymns
His wond'rous works rehearſe;
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe,
And ſubject of your verſe.

III.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly ſeek the LORD.

IV.

Seek ye the LORD, his ſaving ſtrength
Devoutly ſtill implore;
And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
His face for evermore.

V.

The wonders that his hands have wrought,
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous ſtatutes of his mouth,
And laws to us aſſign'd.

PSALM CVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God, and the Happineſs of the Righteous.

I.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm through ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

II.

Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

III.

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray;
Who know what's right; nor only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.

IV.

Extend to me that favour, LORD,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford:
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

PSALM CVII. First Part. Long Metre.

For Captives in War.

I.

TO God your grateful voices raiſe,
Who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never-ceaſing praiſe
Attend on his eternal love.

II.

Let thoſe give thanks whom he from bands
Of proud oppreſſing foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant lands,
From north and ſouth, and weſt and eaſt.

III.

Through lonely deſert ways they went,
Nor could a peopled city find;
Till quite with thirſt and hunger ſpent,
Their fainting ſouls within them pin'd.

IV.

Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep diſtreſs.

V.

From crooked paths he led them forth,
And in the certain way did guide,
To wealthy towns of great reſort,
Where all their wants were well ſupplied.

VI.

O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!

PSALM CVII. Second Part. Long Metre.

For Priſoners.

I.

SOME lie, with darkneſs compaſs'd round,
In death's uncomfortable ſhade;
And with unwieldy fetters bound,
By preſſing cares more heavy made.

II.

Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear,
Did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep diſtreſs.

III.

From diſmal dungeons, dark as night,
And ſhades as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light,
And welcome liberty beſtow'd.

IV.

O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!

PSALM CVII. Third Part. Common Metre.

Intemperance chaſtized and reformed.

I.

BENEATH God's terrours doom'd to groan,
Behold th' intemp'rate band,
The fruits of folly reap, and own
The juſtice of his hand.

II.

From food eſtrang'd, their languid ſoul
The needful meal foregoes;
Life feels its current faintly roll,
And haſtens to its cloſe.

III.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r,
And nature joyous ſees
His word her ruin'd ſtrength repair,
Her fierceſt tortures eaſe.

IV.

O then that all would bleſs his name,
Who thus his mercy prove;
And ſtill from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. Long Metre.

For Seamen.

I.

THEY that in ſhips, with courage bold,
O'er ſwelling waves their trade purſue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.

II.

No ſooner his command is paſt,
But forth the dreadful tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the ſea with rapid haſte,
And makes the ſtormy billows riſe.

III.

Sometimes the ſhips, toſs'd up to heav'n,
On tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the ſteep abyſs are driv'n,
Whilſt ev'ry ſoul diſſolves with fear.

IV.

They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppreſs'd;
Nor do the ſkilful ſeamen know
Which way to ſteer, what courſe is beſt.

V.

Then ſtraight to God's indulgent ear
They do their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep diſtreſs.

VI.

He does the raging ſtorm appeaſe,
And makes the billows calm and ſtill;
With joy they ſee their fury ceaſe,
And their intended courſe fulfil.

VII.

O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!

PSALM CVIII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God: a Morning Pſalm.

I.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful ſongs of praiſe
Shall celebrate thy fame.

II.

Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilſt I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

III.

To all the liſt'ning tribes, O LORD,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to thoſe nations ſing thy praiſe
That round about us dwell:

IV.

Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height
The higheſt heav'n tranſcends,
And far beyond th' aſpiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

V.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the ſtarry frame;
And let the world, with one conſent,
Confeſs thy glorious name.

PSALM CIX. Common Metre.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Chriſt.

I.

THOU cauſeſt, LORD, thy ſun to ſhine,
Thy rain on them to fall,
Who moſt tranſgreſs the law divine;
For thou art good to all.

II.

Thine image in thy Son we view,
Who full of grace was found,
When ſlanders, cruel as untrue,
Encompaſs'd him around.

III.

Their mis'ries his compaſſion move;
He ſhed for them his blood,
Who render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

IV.

Their malice rages all his days;
He pities them till death;
And pardon for his murd'rers prays,
With his expiring breath.

V.

Let not this bright example ſhine,
And ineffectual prove;
Like his our ſpirit, LORD, incline
Our enemies to love.

VI.

Good for their evil to repay,
Still be it our concern,
Till all their malice melt away,
And they ſhall kindneſs learn.

PSALM. CX. Six Line Long Metre.

The King and Prieſt after the Order of Melchizedech.

I.

THE LORD unto my Lord thus ſpake,
Till I thy proud oppoſers make
Thy footſtool, ſit at my right hand.

The LORD, thy God, from Zion's tow'r
Will ſend the ſceptre of thy pow'r,
And bow thy foes to thy command.

II.

Thee, in thy pow'rs triumphant day,
The willing nations ſhall obey;
And when thy riſing beams they view,
Shall all, redeem'd from errour's night,
Appear as numberleſs and bright
As cryſtal drops of morning dew.

III.

The LORD has ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
That like Melchizedech's, thy reign
And prieſthood ſhall no period know.
No proud competitor to ſit
At thy right hand will he permit:
But impious tyrants overthrow.

PSALM CXI. Long Metre.

The divine Perfections.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD; our God to praiſe
My ſoul her utmoſt pow'rs ſhall raiſe.
With private friends, and in the throng
Of ſaints, his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.

II.

His works, for greatneſs, though renown'd,
His wond'rous works with eaſe are found

By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious ſearch delight.

III.

His works are all of matchleſs fame,
And univerſal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages paſt,
Shall to eternal ages laſt.

IV.

By precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
And to poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our LORD.

V.

Juſt are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands;
By truth and equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.

VI.

Who wiſdom's ſacred prize would win,
Muſt with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praiſe and heav'nly ſkill
Have they who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The Character and Happineſs of the liberal Man.

I.

THAT man is bleſs'd who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law:

His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

II.

His houſe, the ſeat of wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice, free from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

III.

The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in afflictions night;
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.

IV.

His lib'ral favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs.

V.

Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh, when he ſleeps in duſt.

VI.

His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd,
Whence he ſhall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

PSALM CXIII. Six Line Long Metre.

The Majeſty and Goodneſs of God.

I.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the LORD,
The triumphs of his name record:
His ſacred name for ever bleſs.
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.

II.

God through the world extends his ſway:
The regions of eternal day
But ſhadows of his glory are.
To him whoſe majeſty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

III.

His goodneſs, equal to his pow'r,
Loads with its bleſſings ev'ry hour,
And ſpreads the wide creation o'er.
On the whole earth his bounties reſt,
Through the whole earth his name be bleſs'd;
Since all receive, let all adore.

PSALM CXVI. Common Metre.

The divine Deliverances gratefully acknowledged.

I.

MY ſoul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is poſſeſt,
Becauſe the LORD vouchſaf'd to hear
The voice of my requeſt.

II.

Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the ſtraits of life
To him addreſs my pray'r.

III.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he ſecur'd,
And dry'd my eyes from tears.

IV.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to his name,
And in his ſervice ſpend.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Nations.

I.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raiſe;

Let all, inſpir'd with godly mirth,
Sing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.

II.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth ſhall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII. First Part. Com. Metre.

Truſting in God.

I.

O PRAISE the LORD, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind favours ever laſt,
My thankful heart ſhall ſay.

II.

To God I made my humble moan,
With troubles quite oppreſs'd;
And he releas'd me from my ſtraits,
And granted my requeſt.

III.

Since therefore God does on my ſide
So graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain attempts of men
Poſſeſs my ſoul with fear?

IV.

For better 'tis to truſt in God,
And have the LORD our friend,
Than on the greateſt human power
For ſafety to depend.

PSALM CXVIII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

For the Lord's Day.

I.

THAT which the builders once refus'd,
Is now the corner ſtone:
This is the wond'rous work of God,
The work of God alone.

II.

This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
LORD, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
And make us ſtill rejoice.

III.

Thou art my LORD, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy name;
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

IV.

O then with me give thanks to God,
Who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praiſe
Be endleſs as his love.

PSALM CXIX. First Part. Com. Metre.

The Happineſs of a virtuous Life.

I.

HOW bleſs'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the ſacred paths
Of God's commandments ſtray!

II.

Thrice bleſs'd! who to his righteous laws
Have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour ſought to win!

III.

Such men their utmoſt caution uſe
To ſhun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With conſtant care proceed.

IV.

Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, LORD,
To learn thy ſacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil.

V.

O then that thy moſt holy will
Might o'er my ways preſide!
And I the courſe of all my life
By thy direction guide!

VI.

Then with aſſurance ſhould I walk,
From all confuſion free;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

PSALM CXIX. Second Part. Com. Metre.

How the Young may be preſerved from Sin.

I.

HOW ſhall the young preſerve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making ſtill their courſe of life
With thy commands agree.

II.

With hearty zeal for thee I ſeek,
To thee for ſuccour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps
From thy right paths to ſtray.

III.

Safe in my heart, and cloſely hid,
Thy word, my treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely aid,
When ſinful thoughts ariſe.

IV.

Secur'd by that, my grateful ſoul
Shall ever bleſs thy name:
O teach me then by thy juſt laws
My future life to frame.

PSALM CXIX. Third Part. Com. Metre.

Prayer for divine Direction.

I.

INSTRUCT me in thy ſtatutes, LORD,
Thy righteous paths diſplay;
And I from them through all my life,
Will never go aſtray.

II.

If thou true wiſdom from above
Wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

III.

Direct me in the ſacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

IV.

Do thou to thy moſt juſt commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no deſire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

V.

From thoſe vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this falſe world diſplays;
But give me lively pow'r and ſtrength
To keep thy righteous ways.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth Part. Com. Metre.

The Benefit of Afflictions.

I.

WITH me, thy ſervant, thou haſt dealt
Moſt graciouſly, O LORD;
Repeated benefits beſtow'd,
According to thy word.

II.

Before affliction ſtopp'd my courſe,
My footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd,
Thy precepts to obey.

III.

'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The ſtatutes of my God.

IV.

The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
Of more eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thouſand mines
Of ſilver and of gold.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth Part. Common Metre.

The Immutability of God and his Law.

I.

FOR ever and for ever, LORD,
Unchang'd thou doſt remain;

Thy word, eſtabliſh'd in the heav'ns,
Does all their orbs ſuſtain.

II.

Through circling ages, LORD, thy truth
Immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the earth which thou uphold'ſt
By thine almighty hand.

III.

All things the courſe by thee ordain'd,
Ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful ſubjects all,
And ſervants of thy will.

IV.

I've ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection here below:
But thy commandments, like thyſelf,
No change or period know.

PSALM CXIX. Sixth Part. Common Metre.

The Perfection of the divine Law.

I.

THE wonders which thy laws contain,
No words can repreſent;
Therefore to practiſe them, O LORD,
My zealous heart is bent.

II.

The very entrance to thy word
Celeſtial light diſplays,

And knowledge of true happineſs
To ſimpleſt minds conveys.

III.

With eager hopes I waiting ſtood,
And fainted with deſire,
That of thy wiſe commands I might
The ſacred ſkill acquire.

IV.

Directed by thy heav'nly word,
Let all my footſteps be;
Nor wickedneſs of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

PSALM CXXI. Hallelujah Metre.

God our Preſerver.

I.

UPWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid;
The God who built the ſkies,
And earth's foundation's laid.
God is the tow'r
To which we fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

II.

Our feet ſhall never ſlide,
Nor fall in fatal ſnares,

Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes
That never ſleep,
Our lives ſhall keep,
When dangers riſe.

III.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blaſts of ev'ning air,
Shall take our health away,
While God is pleas'd to ſpare:
The ſame his grace,
The ſame his pow'r,
At ev'ry hour,
In ev'ry place.

IV.

Haſt thou not giv'n thy word
To ſave our ſouls from death?
And we can truſt thee, LORD,
To keep our mortal breath.
We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call us home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

For the Morning of the Lord's Day.

I.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly ſay,
Let us in God's own houſe appear,
And keep the ſolemn day.

II.

I chooſe the path his ſaints have trod,
And go to ſeek his face;
For there our Father and our God
Reveals his wond'rous grace.

III.

Up to his courts with joys unknown,
His ſervants ſhall repair,
And humbly bow before his throne
In thankfulneſs and pray'r.

IV.

Their pray'rs and praiſes while he hears,
His kind paternal voice
Diſpels the contrite ſinner's fears,
And bids his ſaints rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this ſacred place,
And joy a conſtant gueſt!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants bleſs'd!

VI.

My ſoul ſhall love his churches ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
Their ſtation there my brethren fill,
And there my Father reigns.

PSALM CXXIV. Common Metre.

Deliverance from Enemies.

I.

HAD not the LORD, we now may ſay,
Been pleas'd to interpoſe,
Had he not then eſpous'd our cauſe,
When men againſt us roſe,

II.

Their wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without control;
Their ſpite and pride's united floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.

III.

But prais'd be our eternal LORD,
Who reſcu'd us that day,
Nor to their ſavage jaws gave up
Our threaten'd lives a prey.

IV.

Our ſoul is like a bird eſcap'd
From out the fowler's net;
The ſnare is broke, their hopes are croſs'd,
And we at freedom ſet.

V.

Secure in his almighty name,
Our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heav'n and earth,
Of both ſole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Juſt, though oppreſſed by the Wicked, ſhall finally be happy.

I.

O GOD, the ſouls that truſt in thee,
Like mountains firm ſhall ſtand;
Like them immoveable be fix'd
By thine almighty hand.

II.

The wicked may afflict the juſt,
But ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by deſpair to ſeek
Baſe means for his redreſs.

III.

Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

IV.

All thoſe who walk in crooked paths,
The LORD ſhall ſoon deſtroy;
Cut off th' unjuſt, but crown the ſaints
With laſting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Weeping Seed-time, joyful Harveſt.

I.

THE darken'd ſky, how thick it low'rs!
Troubled with ſtorms, and big with ſhow'rs;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

II.

Yet, let the ſons of grace revive;
God bids the ſoul that ſeeks him live;
And from the gloomieſt ſhade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

III.

The ſeeds of extacy unknown
Are in theſe water'd furrows ſown;
See the green blades, how thick they riſe,
And with freſh verdure bleſs our eyes!

IV.

In ſecret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain;
And heav'n ſhall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harveſt load the ground.

V.

Then ſhall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his ſheaves, and bear them home;
The voice long broke with ſighs ſhall ſing,
Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

Succeſs from God.

I.

WE build with fruitleſs coſt, unleſs
The LORD the pile ſuſtain;
Unleſs the LORD the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

II.

In vain we riſe before the day,
And late to reſt repair,
Allow no reſpite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

III.

Supplies of life, with eaſe to them,
He on his ſaints beſtows;
He crowns their labour with ſucceſs,
Their nights with ſound repoſe.

PSALM CXXX. Short Metre.

The pardoning Mercy of God.

I.

FROM loweſt depths of wo,
To God I ſent my cry:
LORD, hear my ſupplicating voice,
And graciouſly reply.

II.

Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

III.

My ſoul with patience waits
For thee, the living LORD;
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
Thy never-failing word.

IV.

My longing eyes look out
For thine enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To ſpy the dawning day.

V.

In thee I truſt, my God;
No bounds thy mercy knows;
The plenteous ſource and ſpring from which
Eternal ſuccour flows:

VI.

Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe,
And waſh our guilt away.

PSALM. CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and Content.

I.

Is there ambition in my ſoul?
Search, gracious God, and ſee;
Or do I act a haughty part?
LORD, I appeal to thee.

II.

Drive from the confines of my heart
All diſcontent and pride;
Nor let me in erroneous paths
With thoughtleſs ſinners glide.

III.

Whate'er thine all-diſcerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bleſs the good, and to the ill
Contentedly ſubmit.

IV.

With humble pleaſure let me view
The proſp'rous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious ſelf-conceit.

V.

Let not deſpair or fell revenge
Be to my boſom known;
O give me tears for others' wo,
And patience for my own.

VI.

Feed me with neceſſary food;
I aſk not wealth or fame;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
And ſenſe to praiſe thy name.

VII.

May my ſtill days obſcurely paſs
Without remorſe or care;
And let me for the parting hour
Inceſſantly prepare.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

I.

HOW vaſt muſt their advantage be!
How great their pleaſure prove!
Who live like brethren, and conſent
In offices of love!

II.

True love is like that precious oil
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its coſtly moiſture ſhed.

III.

'Tis like refreſhing dew, which does
On Hermon's top diſtil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Zion's fruitful hill.

IV.

For God to all, whoſe friendly hearts
With mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days
With conſtant bleſſings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God.

I.

O PRAISE the LORD with one conſent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the ſervants of the LORD
His worthy praiſe proclaim.

II.

Praiſe him all ye that in his houſe
Attend with conſtant care;
With thoſe that to his outmoſt courts
With humble zeal repair.

III.

For this our trueſt int'reſt is,
Glad hymns of praiſe to ſing;
And with loud ſongs to bleſs his name,
A moſt delightful thing.

IV.

That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found;
And ſeen how he with wond'rous pow'r
Above all gods is crown'd.

V.

For he with unreſiſted ſtrength
Performs his ſov'reign will,
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry ſtores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

PSALM CXXXVI. Hallelujah Metre.

Praiſe to God for the Wonders of Creation and Providence.

I.

TO God, the mighty LORD,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praiſe afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our conſtant friend,
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

II.

To him whoſe wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God, &c.

III.

By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;

The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

IV.

God ſpread the ocean round
About the ſpacious land;
And made the riſing ground
Above the waters ſtand.
For God, &c.

V.

Through heav'n he did diſplay
His num'rous hoſts of light;
The ſun to rule by day,
The moon and ſtars by night.
For God, &c.

VI.

He does the food ſupply,
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant friend,
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVI. All Sevens Metre.

Praiſe to God the ſovereign King.

I.

RAISE your voice, and, joyful, ſing
Praiſe to your eternal King:
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

II.

Through the various realms of earth,
Praiſe him, all of human birth;
Honour pay to heav'n's high LORD,
And his wond'rous deeds record.

III.

Be the LORD your conſtant theme,
Who of gods is God ſupreme;
He to whom all lords beſide
Bow the knee and veil their pride.

IV.

He, whoſe wiſdom, thron'd on high,
Built the manſions of the ſky;
And the orbs, that gild the pole,
Bade through boundleſs ether roll:

V.

He who, o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to ev'ry thing that lives
Rich ſupplies of bleſſings gives:

VI.

To the great eternal King,
Raiſe your voice, and, joyful, ſing;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Reſtoring and preſerving Grace.

I.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the ſkies.

II.

I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, LORD;
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhow.

III.

God looks on haughty ſinners down,
And pride ſhall tremble at his frown:
The virtuous poor with kindeſt eye
He views, and lifts their ſouls on high.

IV.

Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

V.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins :
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. Long Metre.

The all-ſeeing God.

I.

THOU, LORD, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt known
My riſing up and lying down ;
My ſecret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

II.

Thine eye my bed and path ſurveys,
My publick haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'ſt what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

III.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand.
O ſkill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

IV.

O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee !
Where, LORD, could I thy influence ſhun ?
Or whither from thy preſence run ?

V.

For ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight
Beneath the ſable wings of night,
Once glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

VI.

The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes:
Through midnight ſhades thou find'ſt thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

PSALM CXXXIX. Second Part. Com. Met.

God the Creator of Mankind.

I.

GOD of our lives, whoſe bounteous care
First gave us pow'r to move;
How ſhall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love?

II.

While void of thought and ſenſe we lay,
Duſt of our parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
And call'd us into birth.

III.

From thee our limbs their faſhion took,
And ere our life begun,
Within the volume of thy book
Were written ev'ry one.

IV.

Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfiniſh'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

V.

O may this frame, which riſing grew
Beneath thy forming hands,
Be ſtudious ever to purſue
Whate'er thy will commands.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third Part. Long Met.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

I.

LET me acknowledge, O my God,
That ſince this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me ſurmount,
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

II.

Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The ſands upon the ocean's ſhore:
Each morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.

III.

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If miſchief lurks in any part:
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXLI. Common Metre.

Watchfulneſs and brotherly Reproof.

I.

TO thee, O LORD, my cries aſcend,
O haſte to my relief;
And with accuſtom'd pity hear
The accents of my grief.

II.

From haſty language curb my tongue,
And let a conſtant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips,
With wary ſilence barr'd.

III.

From wicked men's deſigns and deeds
My heart and hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the booty ſhare
Of their unrighteous gain.

IV.

Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I ſhall think them kind;
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof ſhall find;

V.

And in return my fervent pray'r
I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
Like me, to ſore diſtreſs.

PSALM CXLIII. Common Metre.

Prayer for divine Direction.

I.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thine accuſtom'd faith and truth
A gracious anſwer ſend.

II.

Nor at thy ſtrict tribunal bring
Thy ſervant to be tried;
For in thy ſight no living man
Can e'er be juſtify'd.

III.

Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good ſpirit lead and keep
My ſoul in thy right way.

IV.

O for the ſake of thy great name
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's ſake, to me diſtreſs'd,
Thy promis'd aid impart.

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

Peace and Plenty.

I.

OUR ſons like lofty trees ſhall grow,
Well planted in ſome fruitful place;

Our daughters ſhall like pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome royal court to grace.

II.

Our garners fill'd with various ſtore,
Shall us and ours with plenty feed;
Our ſheep, increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.

III.

Strong ſhall our lab'ring oxen grow,
Nor in their conſtant labour faint;
Whilſt we no war nor ſlav'ry know,
And in our ſtreets hear no complaint.

IV.

Thrice happy is that people's caſe,
Whoſe various bleſſings thus abound;
Who God's true worſhip ſtill embrace,
And are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV. First Part. Com. Metre.

The Greatneſs of God.

I.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endleſs praiſe proclaim:
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bleſs thy name.

II.

Thou, LORD, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;

Thy majeſty, with boundleſs height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

III.

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
Succeſſively deſcends.

IV.

Whilſt I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works expreſs,
The world with me thy might ſhall own,
And thy great pow'r confeſs.

V.

Thy glorious works of ancient date,
Shall thus to all be known;
And thus thy kingdom's royal ſtate,
With publick ſplendour ſhown.

VI.

Thy ſteadfaſt throne, from changes free,
Shall ſtand for ever faſt;
Thy boundleſs ſway no end ſhall ſee
But time itſelf outlaſt.

PSALM CXLV. Second Part. Com. Metre.

The Goodneſs of God.

I.

THE LORD is good; freſh acts of grace
His pity ſtill ſupplies;

His anger moves with ſloweſt pace,
His willing mercy flies.

II.

The LORD does them ſupport that fall,
And makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food ſupplies.

III.

Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt deſire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.

IV.

How holy is the LORD, how juſt!
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm truſt
For his aſſiſtance prays!

V.

He grants the full deſires of thoſe
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles ſoon compoſe,
When they his aid implore.

VI.

My time to come, in praiſes ſpent,
Shall ſtill advance his fame;
And all mankind with one conſent
For ever bleſs his name.

PSALM CXLVI. Common Metre.

The Compaſſion of God to the poor and afflicted.

I.

THE LORD, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſteadfaſt truth,
Nor make his promiſe vain.

II.

The poor oppreſs'd, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And ſets the pris'ners free.

III.

By him the blind receive their ſight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

IV.

The ſtrangers he preſerves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

PSALM CXLVII. Common Metre.

Winter and Spring.

I.

TO God, the LORD, a hymn of praiſe
With grateful voices ſing;

To ſongs of triumph tune the harp,
And ſtrike each warbling ſtring.

II.

He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence
Refreſhing rain beſtows:
Through him, on mountain-tops, the graſs
With wond'rous plenty grows.

III.

Through all our borders he gives peace,
With fineſt wheat we're fed;
He ſpeaks the word, and what he wills,
Is done as ſoon as ſaid.

IV.

Large flakes of ſnow, like fleecy wool,
Deſcend at his command;
And hoary froſt, like aſhes ſpread,
Is ſcatter'd o'er the land.

V.

When join'd to theſe, he does his hail
In little morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing cold
Secure defences make?

VI.

He ſends his word, which melts the ice;
He makes his wind to blow,
And ſoon the ſtreams, congeal'd before,
In plenteous currents flow.

PSALM CXLVIII. Common Metre.

All Nature invoked to praiſe the Creator.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD, immortal choir,
That fill the realms above;
Praiſe him, who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

II.

Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes
Before your brighter God.

III.

Shout to the LORD, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

IV.

Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

V.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him who bids you grow;
Sweet cluſters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

VI.

Thus, while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals catch the ſound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

PSALM CXLVIII. Long Metre.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praiſe the Lord.

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unwearied ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years:

II.

Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies,
Who dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are ſofter rivals of the noon:

IV.

Ariſe, and to that ſov'reign pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the duſky hour,
And half ſupply the abſent day.

V.

Ye ſtars that gild the ev'ning ſky,
And cheer the gloomy face of night;
Praiſe him who plac'd your orbs on high,
And out of darkneſs call'd up light.

VI.

O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the ſun that makes our days:
With all thy ſhining works above,
Let men attempt to ſing thy praiſe.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe.

I.

LET ev'ry creature join
Jehovah's name to praiſe;
Ye angels, all your pow'rs combine
The nobleſt ſong to raiſe.

II.

Thou ſun, with ſplendour bright,
And moon, with paler ray,
Ye diſtant ſtars of twinkling light,
Your Maker's praiſe diſplay.

III.

He built the worlds above,
And gave to each its frame;
By his command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his name.

IV.

Ye vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in ſhow'rs, or ſnow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the ſkies,
His pow'r and glory ſhow.

V.

Wind, hail, and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the LORD,
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.

VI.

By all his works above
His honours be expreſs'd;
But they who know his wond'rous love,
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

PSALM CXLVIII. Six Line Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe.

I.

BEGIN, my ſoul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey;
And praiſe th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
In one melodious concert riſe
To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

II.

Thou, heav'n of heav'ns, his vaſt abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God,
Ye thunders, ſpeak his pow'r:

Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph walks th' eternal King;
Th' aſtoniſh'd worlds adore.

III.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows riſe,
To join the thunders of the ſkies,
Praiſe him who bids you roll;
His praiſe in ſofter notes declare,
Each whiſp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the ſoul.

IV.

Wake, all ye ſoaring throngs, and ſing,
Ye cheerful warblers of the ſpring;
Harmonious anthems raiſe
To him who ſhap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.

V.

Let man, by nobler paſſions ſway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praiſe employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the ſound,
The gen'ral burſt of joy.

PSALM CXLVIII. Hallelujah Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe.

I.

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praiſe your ſong employ
Above the ſtarry frame;
Your voices raiſe,
Ye cherubim
And ſeraphim,
To ſing his praiſe.

II.

Thou moon that rul'ſt the night,
And ſun that guid'ſt the day,
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praiſe declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

III.

Let them adore the LORD,
And praiſe his holy name,
By whoſe almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever faſt.

IV.

United zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt ends
His pow'r obey:
His glorious ſway
The ſky tranſcends.

PSALM CXLIX. Eighth Metre.

Thankſgiving.

I.

O PRAISE ye the LORD,
Prepare a new ſong,
And let all his ſaints
In full concert join;
With voices united
The anthem prolong,
And ſhow forth his honours
In muſick divine.

II.

Let praiſe to the LORD
Who made us aſcend;
Let each grateful heart
Exult in its King;
For God whom we worſhip
Our ſongs will attend,

And view with complacence
The off'ring we bring.

III.

Be joyful, ye ſaints,
Suſtain'd by his might,
And let your glad ſongs
Awake with each morn;
For thoſe who obey him
Are ſtill his delight;
His hand with ſalvation
The meek will adorn.

IV.

Then praiſe ye the LORD,
Prepare a glad ſong,
And let all his ſaints
In full concert join;
With voices united
The anthem prolong,
And ſhow forth his honours
In muſick divine.

PSALM CL. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God.

I.

O PRAISE the LORD in that bleſt place,
From whence his goodneſs largely flows:
Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory ſhows.

II.

Praiſe him for all the mighty acts,
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
With which our praiſe ſhould equal run.

III.

Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with harps' melodious noiſe,
And gentle pſalt'ry's ſilver ſound.

IV.

Let virgin troops ſoft timbrels bring,
And ſome with graceful motion dance;
Let inſtruments of various ſtring,
With organs join'd, his praiſe advance.

V.

Let them who joyful hymns compoſe,
To cymbals ſet their ſongs of praiſe;
Cymbals of common uſe, and thoſe
That loudly ſound on ſolemn days.

VI.

Let all, that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ:
Let ev'ry creature praiſe the LORD.

PSALM CL. All Sevens Metre.

Praiſe ye the Lord.

I.

PRAISE, O praiſe the name divine,
Praiſe him at the hallow'd ſhrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praiſe reply.

II.

Let his acts and pow'r ſupreme
To your ſongs ſuggeſt a theme;
Be the harp no longer mute,
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.

III.

Let the organ in his praiſe
Learn its loudeſt note to raiſe,
And the cymbal's varying ſound
From the vaulted roof rebound.

IV.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praiſe that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praiſe, O praiſe the name divine.

HYMNS.

Hymn I. Common Metre.

The eternal Dominion of God.

I.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

II.

Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Ere earth or heav'n were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

III.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe ſurvey,
From the formation of the ſky,
To the great burning day.

IV.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands preſent in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

V.

Our lives through varying ſcenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undiſturb'd affairs.

VI.

Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

HYMN II. Common Metre.

The Power of God.

I.

'TWAS God who form'd the rolling ſpheres,
And ſtretch'd the boundleſs ſkies;
Who fix'd the plan of endleſs years,
And bade the ages riſe.

II.

From everlaſting is his might;
Immenſe and unconfin'd:
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

III.

He bids, and nature's wheels ſtand ſtill,
And leave their wonted round:
The mountains melt; each trembling hill
Forſakes its ancient bound.

IV.

His mighty voice in thunder ſpeaks,
And rends the vaulted ſky;
Through the dark clouds the lightning breaks,
And tells the Godhead nigh.

V.

Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

To God the Creator.

I.

GREAT firſt of beings! mighty LORD
Of all this wond'rous frame!
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

II.

Thy voice ſent forth the high command;
'Twas inſtantly obey'd:
And through thy goodneſs all things ſtand,
Which by thy pow'r were made.

III.

Thy glories ſhine throughout the whole,
Each part reflects thy light:
For thee, in courſe the planets roll,
And day ſucceeds the night.

IV.

For thee, the ſun diſperſes heat
And beams of cheering day:
The diſtant ſtars, in order ſet,
By night thy pow'r diſplay.

V.

For thee, the earth its produce yields;
For thee, the waters flow:
And various plants adorn the fields,
And trees aſpiring grow.

VI.

Inſpir'd with praiſe, our minds purſue
This wiſe and noble end;
And all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN IV. Common Metre.

The Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

WE ſing th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains riſe,
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies.

II.

We ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
And all the ſtars obey.

III.

We ſing the goodneſs of the LORD,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

LORD, how thy wonders are diſplay'd,
Where'er we turn our eye;
If we ſurvey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the ſky!

V.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds ariſe, and tempeſts blow,
By order from thy throne.

VI.

Thy hand is our perpetual guard;
Thou keep'ſt us with thine eye:
Why ſhould we then forget thee, LORD,
Who art for ever nigh?

HYMN V. Common Metre.

The God of Nature worſhipped.

I.

HAIL King ſupreme! all wiſe and good,
To thee our thoughts we raiſe;
While nature's beauties wide diſplay'd,
Inſpire our ſouls with praiſe.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view;
Oft as we gaze, our hearts exult
With tranſports ever new.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry ſtar,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the riſing face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The ſunny hill, the dewy lawn,
With thouſand beauties ſhine;
The ſilent grove, and awful ſhade
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree, a conſtant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To thee their cheerful notes they ſwell,
And chant their grateful ſong.

VI.

Great nature's God! ſtill may theſe ſcenes
Our ſerious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts conſult
Thy works' inſtructive page.

Hymn VI. Common Metre.

All the Works of God praiſe him.

I.

ETERNAL Wiſdom! thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings;
With thy great name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

II.

Thy hand, how wide it ſpreads the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

III.

There thou haſt bid the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run;
There, the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

IV.

If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and ſtorms below,
Thoſe under regions of the ſkies
Thy num'rous glories ſhow.

V.

The noiſy winds ſtand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

VI.

There like a trumpet, loud and ſtrong,
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy hoſt.

VII.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve thy ſtrong command;
Thy breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

VIII.

Infinite ſtrength and equal ſkill
Shine through thy works abroad,
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

The Goodneſs of God.

I.

LORD, thou art good; all nature ſhows
Its mighty Maker kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfin'd.

II.

Whate'er our eyes behold, proclaims
Thine infinite good will;
It ſhines in ſtars, and flows in ſtreams,
And burſts from ev'ry hill.

III.

It ſpreads through all the ſpacious main,
And through the heav'ns more wide;
It drops in gentle ſhow'rs of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.

IV.

Long has it been diffus'd abroad,
Through years and ages paſt;
And its rich ſtores, all bounteous God,
For ever ſtill ſhall laſt.

V.

Through the vaſt whole it pours ſupplies,
Spreads joy through ev'ry part:
LORD, let ſuch love attract mine eyes,
And captivate my heart.

VI.

High admiration let it raiſe,
And kind affections move;
Employ my tongue in ſongs of praiſe,
And fill my ſoul with love.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

Gratitude to God. Part I.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

Hymn IX. Common Metre.

Gratitude to God. Part II.

I.

WHEN worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

II.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

III.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

IV.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

V.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

VI.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For O! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

Preſerving Goodneſs acknowledged.

I.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſs'd, O LORD!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide;
Their help, omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they paſs unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy ſweetens ev'ry toil,
Makes ev'ry region pleaſe;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And ſmooths the boiſt'rous ſeas.

IV.

When by the dreadful tempeſt borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

V.

The ſtorm is laid, the winds retire
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is ſtill.

VI.

In midſt of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodneſs we'll adore;
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

HYMN XI. Common Metre.

In a Thunder Storm.

I.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate,
Which thunders through the ſky.

II.

Protected by that hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

III.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's diſmal glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious pow'r,
That breathes the vernal air.

IV.

Through nature's ever varying ſcene,
By different ways purſu'd,
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is univerſal good.

V.

With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or bluſhes in the roſe.

VI.

When through creation's vaſt expanſe
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the guilty ſoul,

VII.

Unmov'd, may we the final ſtorm
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the glad ſerene
Of everlaſting day!

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

Habitual Devotion.

I.

WHILE thee I ſeek, protecting Pow'r!
Be my vain wiſhes ſtill'd;
And may this conſecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

II.

Thy love the pow'rs of thought beſtow'd,
To thee my thoughts would ſoar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

III.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I ſee;
Each bleſſing to my ſoul more dear,
Becauſe conferr'd by thee.

IV.

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart ſhall find delight in praiſe,
Or ſeek relief in pray'r.

V.

When gladneſs wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts ſhall fill;
Reſign'd, when ſtorms of ſorrow low'r,
My ſoul ſhall meet thy will.

VI.

My lifted eye, without a tear
Each changing ſcene ſhall ſee;
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall know no fear,
That heart ſhall reſt on thee.

Hymn XIII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God through all the Changes of Life.

I.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God;
I'll ſing the honours of thy name,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

II.

My ſoul, in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy various love ſurveys;
Where ſhall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praiſe?

III.

In ev'ry period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each tranſient ſcene,
And crown each length'ning year.

IV.

In all theſe mercies may my ſoul
A father's bounty ſee;
Nor let the gifts thy grace beſtows
Eſtrange my heart from thee.

V.

Teach me in time of deep diſtreſs
To own thy hand, my God;
And in ſubmiſſive ſilence hear
The leſſons of thy rod.

VI.

In ev'ry changing ſtate of life,
Each bright, each gloomy ſcene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and ſerene.

VII.

Then will I cloſe my eyes in death,
Free from diſtreſſing fear;
For death itſelf is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

HYMN XIV. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God in Life and Death.

I.

MY ſoul ſhall praiſe thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vaſt, thy boundleſs praiſe.

II.

In ev'ry ſmiling, happy hour,
Be this my ſweet employ;
Thy praiſe refines my earthly bliſs,
And heightens all my joy.

III.

When gloomy care and keen diſtreſs
Afflict my throbbing breaſt,
My tongue ſhall learn to ſpeak thy praiſe,
And lull each pain to reſt.

IV.

Nor ſhall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life with all its active pow'rs
Shall ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

V.

And when theſe lips ſhall ceaſe to move,
When death ſhall cloſe theſe eyes,
Then ſhall my ſoul to nobler heights
Of joy and tranſport riſe.

VI.

Then ſhall her pow'rs, in endleſs ſtrains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands a nobler ſong,
And an eternal day.

HYMN XV. Common Metre.

Providence.

I.

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

II.

Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his great deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

III.

Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In bleſſings on your head.

IV.

Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

V.

His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Each hour their progreſs ſee;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet the fruit will be.

VI.

Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN XVI. Common Metre.

The divine Bleſſing implored.

I.

AUTHOR of good, we reſt on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can ſee,
Thy hand alone ſupply.

II.

In thine all gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy pow'r be our defence,
Thy love our footſteps guide.

III.

And ſince by paſſion's force ſubdued,
Too oft with ſtubborn will,
We blindly ſhun the latent good,
And graſp the ſpecious ill;

IV.

Not what we wiſh, but what we want,
Let mercy ſtill ſupply:
The good unaſk'd, O Father, grant;
The ill, though aſk'd, deny.

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

The Univerſal Prayer.

I.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
The univerſal LORD.

II.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than death to ſhun,
That, more than life purſue.

III.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

IV.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

V.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

VI.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies,
One chorus let all beings raiſe,
All nature's incenſe riſe.

HYMN XVIII. Long Metre.

The incomprehenſible God.

I.

CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of thought
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out

II.

'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.

III.

God is a king of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he reſolve, who dare oppoſe?
Or aſk him why, or what he does?

IV.

He frowns; and darkneſs veils the moon;
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof.

V.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form;
He binds in clouds the threat'ning ſtorm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

VI.

Theſe are a portion of his ways:
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light, or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

Hymn XIX. Long Metre.

God known by his Works.

I.

GREAT is our God; his works of might
To praiſe his glorious name unite:
Heav'n, earth, and ſea confeſs his hand,
And wait obedient his command.

II.

His hand unſeen ſuſtains the poles,
On which the vaſt creation rolls;
The ſtarry ſkies proclaim his pow'r,
His pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r.

III.

In various ſhapes and colours riſe
Ten thouſand wonders to our eyes;
And birds that ſing with lab'ring throat,
Teach us a God in ev'ry note.

IV.

Acroſs the waves, around the ſky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footſteps of a God.

V.

O may the ſons of men record
The various goodneſs of the LORD,
How vaſt his works, how kind his ways,
And ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

HYMN XX. Long Metre.

Praiſe to the Lord of Nature.

I.

O THOU, through all thy works ador'd,
Great Pow'r ſupreme, almighty LORD!
Author of life, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
Creatures of ev'ry tribe obey!

II.

To thee, moſt high, to thee belong,
The ſuppliant pray'r, the joyful ſong;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wond'rous works rejoice.

III.

Planets, thoſe wand'ring worlds above,
Guided by thee, inceſſant move;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their Maker ſhine.

IV.

From thee proceed heav'n's varied ſtore,
The changing wind, the fruitful ſhow'r,
The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
The moulded hail, the feather'd ſnow.

V.

Tempeſts obey thy mighty will;
Thy awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blaſt the ground.

VI.

Yet, pleas'd to bleſs, kind to ſupply,
Thy hand ſupports thy family,
And foſters with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth, and ſea, and air.

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

The daily Goodneſs of God.

I.

GREAT God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently diſtil, like early dew.

II.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command;
To thee we conſecrate our days:
Perpetual bleſſings from thy hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

The Goodneſs of God in the Seaſons.

I.

GREAT God! at whoſe all-pow'rful call,
At firſt aroſe this beauteous frame,

Thou bidſt the ſeaſons change, and all
The changing ſeaſons ſpeak thy name.

II.

Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter ſtorms recover'd, riſe;
When thouſand grateful ſcenes appear,
Freſh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

III.

The new delight how great, to ſee
The earth in vernal beauty dreſs'd,
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree
Thy op'ning bounty ſhines confeſs'd!

IV.

Aloft, full beaming, reigns the ſun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And while he leads the ſeaſons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.

V.

Around us, from the teeming field,
Springs the rich grain, or purpled vine;
At thy command they riſe to yield
The ſtrength'ning bread, or cheering wine.

VI.

Indulgent God! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous bleſſings largely flow;
We ſee; we taſte; let ev'ry heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

Hymn XXIII. Long Metre.

Divine Providence.

I.

THROUGH all the various ſhifting ſcene
Of life's miſtaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unſeen,
The beautiful viciſſitude.

II.

Thou giveſt with a father's care,
Howe'er unjuſtly we complain,
To each their neceſſary ſhare
Of joy and ſorrow, health and pain.

III.

All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were giv'n,
Would man purſue th' appointed end.

IV.

Be this our care; to all beſide
Indiff'rent let our wiſhes be:
Paſſion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd our ſouls, O God, on thee.

Hymn XXIV. Short Metre.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

I.

OUR Maker and our King!
To thee our all we owe;

Thy ſov'reign bounty is the ſpring
From which our bleſſings flow.

II.

Thou ever good and kind!
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind
Our hearts to grateful love.

III.

The creatures of thy hand,
On thee alone we live;
Father, thy benefits demand
More praiſe than we can give.

IV.

LORD, what can we impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas, how poor!

V.

O let thy grace inſpire
Our ſouls with ſtrength divine;
Let all our pow'rs to thee aſpire,
And all our days be thine.

HYMN XXV. Short Metre.

To God the Creator.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wond'rous is thy name!

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through all creation's frame!

II.

Nature in ev'ry dreſs
Her humble worſhip pays;
And does a thouſand ways expreſs
Her undiſſembled praiſe.

III.

Our ſouls would riſe and ſing
Our great Creator too;
Fain would our tongues adore our King,
And pay the homage due.

IV.

On God our hopes depend
Through all our future days:
To him our ſouls ſhall oft aſcend
In grateful ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN XXVI. Six Line Long Metre.

Thankſgiving for national Proſperity.

I.

HOW rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our publick bleſſings ſpring:
Th' extended trade, the fruitful ſkies,
The treaſures liberty beſtows,
Th' eternal joys the goſpel ſhows,
All from thy boundleſs goodneſs riſe.

II.

Here commerce ſpreads the wealthy ſtore,
Which pours from ev'ry foreign ſhore;
Science and art their charms diſplay:
Religion teaches us to raiſe
Our voices to our Maker's praiſe,
As truth and conſcience point the way.

III.

With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raiſe united ſongs.
Here ſtill may God in mercy reign;
Crown our juſt counſels with ſucceſs,
With peace and joy our borders bleſs,
And all our ſacred rights maintain.

HYMN XXVII. Six Line Metre.

All Men, and eſpecially good Men, invited to the Praiſe of God.

I.

YE works of God, to him alone,
Who reigns on his eternal throne,
Let all your praiſes riſe.
His hand the beauteous fabrick made,
His eye the finiſh'd whole ſurvey'd,
And found it good and wiſe.

II.

Ye ſons of men, his praiſe diſplay,
Who ſtamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move;

Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age ſucceſſive tell
The wonders of his love.

III.

Ye ſpirits of the juſt and good,
Who while this earth is your abode,
To brighter worlds aſpire,
O let your ſongs of praiſe reſound,
Beyond the earth's remoteſt bound,
To heav'n's eternal fire.

IV.

Praiſe him, ye meek and humble train,
Who ſhall thoſe heav'nly joys obtain,
Prepar'd for ſouls ſincere;
Now praiſe him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And *then*, for ever, there.

HYMN XXVIII. Hallelujah Metre.

The Majeſty and Condeſcenſion of God.

I.

THE LORD Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes
Are light and majeſty:

His glories ſhine
With beams ſo bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the ſight.

II.

The thunders of his pow'r
Keep the wide world in awe;
His truth and juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy law:
Yet humble ſouls
May ſeek his face;
His truth confirms
And ſeals the grace.

III.

And will this gracious King
Of glory condeſcend?
Will he declare himſelf
Our father and our friend?
We love his name,
We love his word:
Join all our pow'rs
To praiſe the LORD.

HYMN XXIX. Hallelujah Metre.

Imitation of Thomſon's Hymn on the Seaſons.

I.

LORD of the worlds below!
On earth thy glories ſhine;

The changing ſeaſons ſhow
Thy ſkill and pow'r divine.
In all we ſee
A God appears;
The rolling years
Are full of thee.

II.

Forth in the flow'ry ſpring,
We ſee thy beauty move;
The birds on branches ſing
Thy tenderneſs and love;
Wide flaſh the hills;
The air is balm:
Devotion's calm
Our boſom fills.

III.

Then come, array'd in light,
The ſummer's flaming days;
The ſun, thine image bright,
Thy majeſty diſplays;
And oft thy voice
In thunder rolls;
But ſtill our ſouls
In thee rejoice.

IV.

In autumn, a rich feaſt
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beaſt,
And ev'ry thing that lives.

Thy lib'ral care,
At morn, and noon,
And harveſt moon,
Our lips declare.

V.

In winter, awful thou!
With ſtorms around thee caſt:
The leafleſs foreſts bow
Beneath thy northern blaſt.
While tempeſts low'r,
To thee, dread King,
We homage bring,
And own thy pow'r.

HYMN XXX. All Sevens Metre.

Praiſe to God in Proſperity and Adverſity.

I.

PRAISE to God, immortal praiſe,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous ſource of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praiſe our tongues employ.

II.

For the bleſſings of the field,
For the ſtores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's uſe:

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow ſheaves of ripen'd grain;

Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuſe:

IV.

All that ſpring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the ſmiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing ſtores:

V.

Theſe to thee, our God, we owe;
Source whence all our bleſſings flow!
And for theſe, our ſouls ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe.

VI.

Yet ſhould riſing whirlwinds tear
From its ſtem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blaſted ſhoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

VII.

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her ſtore;
Though the ſick'ning flocks ſhould fall,
And the herds deſert the ſtall;

VIII.

Should thine alter'd hand reſtrain
Th' early and the latter rain;
Blaſt each op'ning bud of joy,
And the riſing year deſtroy:

IX.

Yet to thee our ſouls ſhould raiſe
Grateful vows, and ſolemn praiſe;
And when ev'ry bleſſing's flown,
Love thee for thyſelf alone.

HYMN XXXI. All Sevens Metre.

A penitential Hymn.

I.

GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our ſad repentant ſong;
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.

II.

Deep regret for follies paſt,
Talents waſted, time miſpent;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankleſs for the bleſſings lent.

III.

Fooliſh fears, and fond deſires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too ſeldom taught to praiſe,
Oft to murmur and complain.

IV.

Theſe, and ev'ry ſecret fault,
Fill'd with grief and ſhame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

V.

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our ſad repentant ſongs;
O reſtore thy ſuppliant race,
Thou to whom all praiſe belongs.

HYMN XXXII. Eleventh Metre.

Praiſe to God, the eternal King.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns! let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footſtool bow with holy fear:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferiour nature
Uſurp, or ſhare, the throne of the Creator.

II.

This goodly world, in countleſs beauties gay,
Though built by God's right hand, muſt paſs away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;
Eternal night ſhall veil their proudeſt ſtory,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

III.

But fix'd, O God, for ever ſtands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns a univerſe alone;
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd, is ſtill the ſame;

He dwells within his own unfathom'd eſſence,
And fills all ſpace with his unbounded preſ-
ence.

IV.

But O! our higheſt notes the theme debaſe,
And ſilence is our leaſt injurious praiſe.
Ceaſe, ceaſe your ſongs, the daring flight
control,
Revere him in the ſtillneſs of the ſoul:
With ſilent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmoſt hearts adore
him.

HYMN XXXIII. Twelfth Metre.

Praiſe to God for his Greatneſs and Mercy.

I.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n:
Glory be to God on high,
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky.

II.

Favour'd mortals, raiſe the ſong;
Endleſs thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praiſe,
Join the hymns your voices raiſe:
Glory be to God on high,
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky.

III.

Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmoſt bound;
Where the Godhead ſhines confeſs'd,
There be ſolemn praiſe addreſs'd:
Glory be to God on high,
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky.

IV.

Mark the wonders of his hand!
Pow'r, no empire can withſtand;
Wiſdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodneſs, one eternal ſtream:
Glory be to God on high,
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky.

V.

Awful being! from thy throne
Send thy promis'd bleſſings down:
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging paſſions ceaſe:
Glory be to God on high,
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky.

HYMN XXXIV. Thirteenth Metre.

The God of Mercy adored.

I.

PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous ſource of all our joy;

He whoſe hand upholds all nature,
He whoſe nod can all deſtroy:
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raiſe;
Solemn ſongs to heav'n aſcending,
Join the univerſal praiſe.

II.

Round his awful footſtool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite ſouls;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls:
Lo, th' eternal page before us
Bears the cov'nant of his love;
Full of mercy to reſtore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

III.

Ev'ry ſecret fault confeſſing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of ſin,
Seize, O ſeize the proffer'd bleſſing,
Grace from God, and peace within:
Heart and voice with rapture ſwelling,
Still the ſong of glory raiſe;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the univerſal praiſe.

HYMN XXXV. Fourteenth Metre.

Thankſgiving for fruitful Seaſons.

I.

REJOICE! the LORD is King!
Your LORD and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

II.

His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempeſts ruſh amain;
Yet his thick clouds of ſnow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

III.

He wakes the genial ſpring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promiſe of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

IV.

High from th' ethereal plain
Bright ſuns their influence fling;
He gives the welcome rain,
That makes the vallies ſing:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

V.

He leads the circling year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn:
O happy mortals, raiſe your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

VI.

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days!
O bring th' eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praiſe:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

HYMN XXXVI. Fifteenth Metre.

Truſt in God through all the Changes of Life.

I.

FATHER divine, before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No diſtance can elude thy ſearch,
No action 'ſcape thine eye:
Hear, gracious LORD, our mingled praiſes
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear. [hear!

II.

From thee our vital breath we drew,
Our childhood was thy care,
And vig'rous youth and feeble age,
Thy kind protection ſhare:
Hear, gracious LORD, our mingled praiſes
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear. [hear!

III.

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaſeleſs bounty flows;
Oppreſs'd with wo, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repoſe:
Hear, gracious LORD, our mingled praiſes
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear. [hear!

IV.

To thee we look, thou Pow'r ſupreme;
O ſtill our wants ſupply!
Safe in thy preſence may we live,
And in thy favour die:
Hear, gracious LORD, our mingled praiſes
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear. [hear!

HYMN XXXVII. Common Metre.

The Coming of Chriſt.

I.

HARK the glad ſound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!

Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.

II.

On him the ſpirit, largely ſhed,
Exerts its ſacred fire:
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

III.

He comes from galling chains of vice
To free the captive mind;
He comes to pour the cheering light
Of truth upon the blind.

IV.

He comes with bleſſings for the meek,
The broken heart to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

V.

Hoſannas to the prince of peace
His welcome ſhall proclaim;
While heav'n's eternal arches ring
With his beloved name.

VI.

Glory to God! in higheſt ſtrains,
Through higheſt worlds be paid:
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And in our lives diſplay'd.

HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

The Nativity of Chriſt.

I.

WHILE ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the LORD came down,
And glory ſhone around.

II.

Fear not, ſaid he (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

III.

To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord;
And this ſhall be the ſign:

IV.

The heav'nly babe you there ſhall find
To human view diſplay'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in ſwathing bands,
And in a manger laid.

V.

Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God, and thus
Addreſs their joyful ſong:

VI.

All glory be to God on high!
And to the earth be peace!
Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin and never ceaſe!

HYMN XXXIX. Short Metre.

The Birth of Chriſt.

I.

BEHOLD the grace appear,
The bleſſing promis'd long!
Angels announce the Saviour near
In this triumphant ſong:

II.

Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth!
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At your Redeemer's birth!

III.

In worſhip ſo divine,
Shall man refrain his part?
Forbid it, gratitude! we join
The ſong, with grateful heart.

IV.

Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth!
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!

Hymn XL. Hallelujah Metre.

The Birth of Chriſt proclaimed by Angels.

I.

HARK! what celeſtial notes,
What melody we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the raviſh'd ear.
The tuneful ſhell,
The golden lyre,
And vocal choir
The concert ſwell.

II.

Th' angelick hoſts deſcend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heav'n they bend,
And in full chorus join.
Fear not, ſay they,
Great joy we bring;
Jeſus, your king,
Is born to day.

III.

He comes from errour's night
Your wand'ring feet to ſave;
To realms of bliſs and light
He lifts you from the grave.

This glorious morn,
(Let all attend !)
Your matchleſs friend,
Your Saviour's born.

IV.

Glory to God on high !
Ye mortals, ſpread the ſound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remoteſt bound !
For peace on earth,
From God in heav'n,
To man is giv'n,
At Jeſus' birth.

HYMN XLI. Sixteenth Metre.

Angels proclaiming the Birth of Chriſt.

I.

NO war or battle's ſound
Was heard the world around,
No hoſtile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

II.

The ſhepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In ſocial circle ſat, while all around

The gentle fleecy brood,
Or cropp'd the flow'ry food,
Or ſlept, or ſported on the verdant ground.

III.

When lo! with raviſh'd ears,
Each ſwain delighted hears
Sweet muſick, offspring of no mortal hand;
Divinely warbled voice,
Anſw'ring the ſtringed noiſe, [band.
With bliſsful rapture charm'd the liſt'ning

IV.

They ſaw a glorious light
Burſt on their wond'ring ſight.
Harping in ſolemn quire, in robes array'd,
The helmed cherubim
And ſworded ſeraphim [play'd.
Are ſeen in glitt'ring ranks, with wings diſ-

V.

Sounds of ſo ſweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While God diſpos'd in air
Each conſtellation fair,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung.

VI.

Hail, hail, auſpicious morn!
The Saviour Chriſt is born: [blime)
(Such was th' immortal ſeraph's ſong ſu-

Glory to God in heav'n!
To man ſweet peace be giv'n,
Sweet peace and friendſhip to the end of time!

HYMN XLII. Short Metre.

Chriſt the Light of the World.

I.

BEHOLD the Prince of peace,
The choſen of the LORD!
God's well-beloved Son fulfils
The ſure prophetick word.

II.

No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteouſneſs;
Meekneſs and patience, truth and love
Compoſe his princely dreſs.

III.

The ſpirit of the LORD,
In rich abundance ſhed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And reſts upon his head.

IV.

Jeſus, the light of men:
His doctrine life imparts;
O! may we feel its quick'ning pow'r,
To warm and glad our hearts.

V.

Cheer'd by its beams, our ſouls,
Shall run the heav'nly way:
The path which Chriſt hath mark'd, and trod,
Will lead to endleſs day.

HYMN XLIII. Common Metre.

The Example of Chriſt.

I.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jeſus met,
With mildeſt radiance ſhine.

II.

The largeſt love of human kind
Inſpir'd his godlike breaſt;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindneſs was expreſs'd.

III.

To ſpread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

IV.

'Midſt keen reproach, and cruel ſcorn,
Patient and meek he ſtood;
His foes, ungrateful ſought his life;
He labour'd for their good.

V.

In the laſt hour of deep diſtreſs,
Before his Father's throne,
With ſoul reſign'd he bow'd, and ſaid,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

VI.

Be Chriſt our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his ſacred ſteps,
And his bright glories ſhare!

Hymn XLIV. Long Metre.

Chriſt our Example.

I.

AND is the goſpel peace and love?
Such let our converſation be,
The ſerpent blended with the dove,
Wiſdom and meek ſimplicity.

II.

Whene'er the angry paſſions riſe,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to ſtrife,
To Jeſus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the chriſtian life.

III.

O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And theſe the rules by which we live.

IV.

To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

V.

Diſpenſing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
Then if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

HYMN XLV. Common Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Goſpel.

I.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For theſe celeſtial lines.

II.

Here, may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find,
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

III.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt,
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taſte.

IV.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around,
And life and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

V.

O may theſe ſacred pages be
Our ſtudy and delight;
And ſtill new beauties may we ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

VI.

Divine inſtructer, gracious LORD,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach us to love thy ſacred word,
And view thy goodneſs there.

HYMN XLVI. Common Metre.

The Comforts of Religion.

I.

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears
An univerſal ſhade;

II.

Religion's dictates can aſſuage
The tempeſt of the ſoul;
And ev'ry ſtorm ſhall ceaſe to rage
At her divine control.

III.

Through life's bewilder'd, darkſome way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
A cheering luſtre ſheds.

IV.

When feeble reaſon, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpleſs and afraid;
Thou bleſt ſupporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thine aid!

V.

O let my heart confeſs thy pow'r,
And find thy ſweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And ſoften ev'ry grief.

HYMN XLVII. All Sevens Metre.

Reſt and Conſolation from the Goſpel.

I.

COME, ſaid Jeſus' ſacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

II.

Thou, who, houſeleſs, ſole, forlorn,
Long haſt borne the proud world's ſcorn,
Long haſt roam'd the barren waſte,
Weary pilgrim, hither haſte!

III.

Ye, who, toſs'd on beds of pain,
Seek for eaſe, but ſeek in vain;
Ye, whoſe ſwoln and ſleepleſs eyes
Watch to ſee the morning riſe:

IV.

Ye, by fiercer anguiſh torn,
In ſtrong remorſe for guilt who mourn,
Here repoſe your heavy care:
A wounded ſpirit who can bear?

V.

Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound;
Peace that ever ſhall endure,
Reſt eternal, ſacred, ſure.

HYMN XLVIII. Long Metre.

The Lord's Supper inſtituted.

I.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When all the pow'rs of malice roſe
Againſt the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

II.

Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſs'd, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he ſpake!

III.

This is my body broke for you,
Take, eat the emblematick bread;
Drink of this cup, an emblem too,
My blood which ſhall for you be ſhed.

IV.

In mem'ry of your dying Lord,
Do this, he ſaid, till time ſhall end;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed friend.

HYMN XLIX. Long Metre.

For the Lord's Supper.

I.

THIS feaſt was Jeſus' high beheſt,
This cup of thanks his laſt requeſt;
Ye, who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink in mem'ry of your friend.

II.

Around the patriot's buſt ye throng,
Him ye exalt in ſwelling ſong:
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vaſſallage his kind:

III.

And ſhall not he your praiſes reap,
Who reſcues from the iron ſleep;
The great deliverer, whoſe breath
Unbinds the captives ev'n of death?

IV.

Shall he, who, mortal men to ſave,
Became the tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated, riſe,
Paſs unremember'd to the ſkies?

V.

Chriſtians, unite with loud acclaim,
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name;
On earth extol his wond'rous love;
Repeat his praiſe in worlds above.

Hymn L. Common Metre.

Love to Mankind recommended by Chriſt.

I.

BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,
Our dying Maſter ſtands!
His weeping foll'wers gath'ring round,
Receive his laſt commands.

II.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.

III.

Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſoft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the ſupplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:

IV.

Whoſe breaſt expands with gen'rous warmth,
A ſtranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the pow'r to heal.

V.

He ſpreads his kind ſupporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief;
His ſecret bounty largely flows,
And brings unaſk'd relief.

VI.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never ſlow;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

VII.

Peace from the boſom of his God,
Sweet peace to him is giv'n;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His pray'r aſcends to heav'n.

VIII.

To him protection ſhall be ſhown;
And mercy from above
Deſcend on him, who thus fulfils
The perfect law of love.

Hymn LI. Short Metre.

For the Lord's Supper.

I.

JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome ſummons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

II.

Here we ſurvey that love,
Which ſpoke in ev'ry breath,
Which crown'd each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

III.

Here let our pow'rs unite,
His honour'd name to raiſe;
Pleaſure and joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

IV.

And while we ſhare the gifts,
His bounteous hands beſtow,
Let ev'ry heart, in friendſhip join'd,
With kind affections glow.

V.

Let love inſpire each breaſt,
And dictate ev'ry thought;
Be angry paſſions far remov'd,
And ſelfiſh views forgot.

VI.

Our ſouls expanded wide
By our Redeemer's grace,
Shall in the arms of fervent love
All heav'n and earth embrace.

HYMN LII. All Sevens Metre.

For Eaſter-Sunday.

I.

ANGEL, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he riſes from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

II.

Shout, ye ſaints, in rapt'rous ſong,
Let the notes be ſweet and ſtrong;
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his ſepulchre new-born.

III.

Pow'rs of heav'n, celeſtial choirs,
Sing and ſweep your ſounding lyres;
Sons of men, in joyful ſtrain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign!

IV.

Ev'ry note with wonder ſwell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy ſting?
Where thy terrours, vanquiſh'd king?
Hallelujah.

Hymn LIII. Common Metre.

The Reſurrection of Chriſt.

I.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unſeals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increaſing day.

II.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hoſannas ſung;
Let gladneſs dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praiſe on ev'ry tongue.

III.

Ten thouſand diff'ring lips ſhall join
To hail the welcome morn,
Which ſcatters bleſſings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

IV.

Jeſus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and ſlain!
Behold, the tomb its prey reſtores!
Behold he lives again!

V.

And while his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Aſcend the lofty ſkies,
Broken beneath his powerful croſs,
Death's iron ſceptre lies.

Hymn LIV. Common Metre.

Hope of Heaven by the Reſurrection of Chriſt.

I.

BLESS'D be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

II.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope,
That they ſhould never die.

III.

What though thy uncontroll'd decree
Command us back to duſt;
Yet as our Lord and Saviour roſe,
So all his foll'wers muſt.

IV.

There's an inheritance divine
Reſerv'd againſt that day:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

V.

We by thy pow'r, O God, are kept
Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here,
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy Youth.

I.

IN the ſoft ſeaſon of thy youth,
In nature's ſmiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its ſummons to the tomb;

II.

Remember thy Creator God;
For him thy pow'rs employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

III.

He ſhall defend and guide thy courſe
Through life's uncertain ſea,
Till thou art landed on the ſhore
Of bleſs'd eternity.

IV.

Then ſeek the LORD betimes, and chooſe
The path of heav'nly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier ſight
Than a religious youth.

HYMN LVI. All Sevens Metre.

Love to God and Man.

I.

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wiſe, beneficent, and kind,

Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodneſs unconfin'd:
Muſing in the ſilent grove,
Or the buſy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
Claiming large returns again.

II.

LORD, what off'ring ſhall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unſullied ſpring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compaſſion's feeling ſoul,
By the melting eye expreſs'd;
Sympathy, at whoſe control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breaſt:

III.

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with lib'ral ſtore:
Teach us, O thou heav'nly King,
Thus to ſhow our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

Hymn LVII. Long Metre.

Religion vain without Love.

I.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe,
If love be wanting, I am found,
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

II.

Were I inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove;
Still I am nothing without love.

III.

Should I diſtribute all my ſtore
To feed, and clothe, and bleſs, the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

IV.

If love to God and love to men
Be abſent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The place of love can ever fill.

Hymn LVIII. Long Metre.

Charitable Judgment.

I.

ALL ſeeing God! 'tis thine to know
The ſprings whence wrong opinions flow;

To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

II.

Who among men, great LORD of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him for modes of faith thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of wo?

III.

Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Guided by thee, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

IV.

If wrong, correct; accept, if right,
While faithful we obey our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

HYMN LIX. Common Metre.

Prayer for kind Affections.

I.

FAR from thy servants, God of grace,
Th' unfeeling heart remove,
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

II.

O may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know,

Kindly to ſhare in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo!

III.

Where'er the helpleſs ſons of grief
In low diſtreſs are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And ſwift our hands to aid.

IV.

Under the gentle law of love
Be ev'ry paſſion brought;
O be the law of love fulfill'd
In ev'ry act and thought!

HYMN LX. Short Metre.

Mercy and Forgiveneſs.

I.

I HEAR the voice of wo!
I hear a brother's ſigh!
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love mine eye.

II.

I hear the thirſty cry!
The hungry beg for bread!
O! let my ſpring its ſtream ſupply,
My hand its bounty ſhed.

III.

The hapleſs debtor ſues,
Who would, but cannot pay;

And ſhall I mercy, LORD, refuſe,
Who need it ev'ry day?

IV.

And ſhall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble ſtrain,
My brother crying, I repent,
Nor will offend again?

V.

If not, how ſhall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God, and how preſent the pray'r,
That aſks for pard'ning grace?

VI.

They who forgive, ſhall find
Forgiveneſs in that day,
When all the merciful and kind
Thy pity ſhall repay.

HYMN LXI. Long Metre.

The Vanity of Forms without Virtue.

I.

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, LORD, to thee:
In vain our lips thy praiſe prolong,
The heart a ſtranger to the ſong.

II.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?

Or faſt and penance reconcile
Thy juſtice, and obtain thy ſmile?

III.

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will reſign'd,
To thee a nobler off'ring yields
Than richeſt treaſures from the fields.

IV.

"Be juſt and kind"—that great command
Doth on eternal pillars ſtand:
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

HYMN LXII. Long Metre.

The Beatitudes.

I.

BLESS'D are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty;
Treaſures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

II.

Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
From God the ſtreams of mercy flow,
A healing balm for all their wo.

III.

Bleſs'd are the juſt who ſeek his face,
Hunger and thirſt for righteouſneſs;

They ſhall be well ſupplied and fed
With living ſtreams and living bread.

IV.

Bleſs'd are the men whoſe boſoms move,
And melt with ſympathy and love;
The merciful ſhall ever find,
That God is merciful and kind.

V.

Bleſs'd are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.

VI.

Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.

HYMN LXIII. Long Metre.

A Converſation becoming the Goſpel.

I.

SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our chriſtian virtue ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

II.

Thus ſhall we beſt thine honours raiſe,
Great God, and others learn to praiſe;

When heav'nly truth ſhall reign within,
And break the pow'r of ev'ry ſin.

III.

Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be denied,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

IV.

What though we drink of ſorrow's cup,
Religion bears our ſpirits up;
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

HYMN LXIV. Common Metre.

Equity.

I.

COME, let us ſearch our ways and ſee;
Have they been juſt and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

II.

What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we ſtill done the ſame?
From others ne'er withheld the due,
Which we from others claim?

III.

Have we not, deaf to his requeſt,
Turn'd from another's wo?

The ſcorn, which wrings the poor man's breaſt,
Have we abhorr'd to ſhow?

IV.

Do we, in all we ſell, or buy,
Integrity maintain;
And knowing God is always nigh,
Renounce unrighteous gain?

V.

Then may we raiſe our modeſt pray'r
To God, the juſt and kind,
May humbly caſt on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

HYMN LXV. Long Metre.

Meekneſs.

I.

MARK, when tempeſtuous winds ariſe,
The wild confuſion and uproar,
All ocean mixing with the ſkies,
And wrecks are daſh'd upon the ſhore.

II.

Not leſs confuſion racks the mind,
When, by the whirl of paſſion toſs'd,
Calm reaſon is to rage reſign'd,
And peace in angry tumult loſt.

III.

O ſelf-tormenting child of pride,
Anger, bred up in hate and ſtrife;

Ten thouſand ills, by thee ſupplied,
Mingle the cup of bitter life.

IV.

Happy the meek, whoſe gentle breaſt,
Clear as the ſummer's ev'ning ray,
Calm as the regions of the bleſs'd,
Enjoy on earth celeſtial day.

V.

No jars their peaceful tent invade,
No friendſhips loſt their boſom ſting;
And foes to none, of none afraid,
Where'er they go, ſweet peace they bring.

VI.

O may a temper meek and mild
With gentle ſway our ſouls poſſeſs!
Paſſion and pride be thence exil'd!
And to be bleſs'd, ſtill may we bleſs!

Hymn LXVI. Long Metre.

Humility.

I.

WHEREFORE ſhould man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the ſhroud,
Lives but the inſect of a day,
O why ſhould mortal man be proud?

II.

His brighteſt viſions juſt appear,
Then vaniſh, and no more are found:

The ſtateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

III.

By doubt perplex'd, in errour loſt,
With trembling ſtep he ſeeks his way:
How vain, of wiſdom's gifts the boaſt!
Of reaſon's lamp, how faint the ray!

IV.

Follies and crimes, a countleſs ſum,
Are crowded in life's little ſpan:
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

V.

God of my life, Father divine,
Give me a meek and lowly mind;
In modeſt worth O let me ſhine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

HYMN LXVII. Common Metre.

Prayer for Prudence and Wiſdom.

I.

FATHER of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dang'rous road;
Let each advancing ſtep ſtill bring
Me nearer to my God.

II.

Let heav'n-ey'd prudence be my guide;
And when I go aſtray,
Recall my feet from folly's path
To wiſdom's better way.

III.

Teach me in ev'ry various ſcene
To keep my end in ſight;
And whilſt I tread life's mazy track,
Let wiſdom guide me right.

IV.

That heav'nly wiſdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart;

V.

Till it ſhall lead me to thyſelf,
Fountain of bliſs and love;
And all my darkneſs be diſpers'd
In endleſs light above.

HYMN LXVIII. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

I.

AWAKE, my ſoul, lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes againſt thee riſe,
In long array, a num'rous hoſt;
Awake, my ſoul, or thou art loſt.

II.

Here giant danger threat'ning ſtands,
Muſt'ring his pale terrifick bands ;
There pleaſure's ſilken banners ſpread,
And willing ſouls are captive led.

III.

See where rebellious paſſions rage,
And fierce deſires and luſts engage :
The meaneſt foe of all the train
Has thouſands and ten thouſands ſlain.

IV.

Thou treadeſt on enchanted ground,
Perils and ſnares beſet thee round ;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But moſt, the traitor in thy heart.

V.

Come then, my ſoul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal ſhield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.

VI.

Theſe from thy foes will guard thee well,
The terrour and the charm repel :
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here,
Nor ſhould his faithful foll'wers fear.

Hymn LXIX. Common Metre.

For a New Year.

I.

REMARK, my ſoul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How ſwift the weeks complete their rounds!
How ſhort the months appear!

II.

Much of my dubious life is paſt,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments haſte,
The few which yet remain.

III.

So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgments ſhall ſurvey.

IV.

Awake, my ſoul; with utmoſt care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy chief concern.

V.

Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And on his love depend;
With zeal purſue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Hymn LXX. Long Metre.

The Wiſdom of redeeming Time.

I.

GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

II.

Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the current flows,
Loſt in eternity's wild ſea,
The boundleſs gulf, from which it roſe.

III.

With it the thoughtleſs ſons of men
Before the rapid ſtream are borne,
On to that everlaſting home,
Whence no one ever can return.

IV.

Yet while the ſhore on either ſide
Preſents a gaudy, flatt'ring ſhow,
We gaze, in fond amazement loſt,
Nor think to what a world we go.

V.

Great ſource of wiſdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear us on to joys,
Beyond its meaſure and its pow'r.

Hymn LXXI. Long Metre.

Time's Flight, and Death's Approach.

I.

THAT awful hour will ſoon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleaſes here,
Will vaniſh from my cloſing eyes.

II.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence;
None can reſiſt the fatal dart:
Continual warnings ſtrike my ſenſe;
And ſhall they fail to reach my heart?

III.

Think, O my ſoul! how much depends
On the ſhort period of to-day:
Shall time, which Heav'n in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

IV.

Thy remnant minutes ſtrive to uſe;
Awake! rouſe ev'ry active pow'r!
And not in dreams and trifles loſe
This little, yet important hour!

V.

LORD of my life! inſpire my heart
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy preſence e'er depart;
For ſtrength, and life, and death are thine.

VI.

O teach me the celeſtial ſkill
Each awful warning to improve!
And while my days are ſhort'ning ſtill,
Prepare me for the joys above!

HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

I.

LIFE is the time to ſerve thee, LORD!
The time t' enſure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
To thee the ſinner may return.

II.

Life is the hour which thou haſt giv'n,
To fly from ſin, and live for heav'n:
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.

III.

The living know that they muſt die,
But all the dead inactive lie;
They reap no good from all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.

IV.

There are no acts of pardon paſs'd
In the cold grave, to which we haſte;
Nor penitence nor pray'r are known,
Where death and darkneſs hold their throne.

V.

Then the great work we're ſent to do,
Let us with vigour now purſue:
The waſting day ſhall ſoon be o'er:
When night ſhall come, we work no more.

HYMN LXXIII. Long Metre.

Peace of Conſcience, and Submiſſion to God.

I.

WHILE ſome in folly's pleaſures roll,
And ſeek the joys which hurt the ſoul,
Be mine that ſilent calm repaſt,
A peaceful conſcience to the laſt:

II.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend who never fails the juſt,
When other friends deſert their truſt.

III.

With this companion in the ſhade,
My ſoul no more ſhall be diſmay'd;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

IV.

Though God afflicts, I'll not repine;
The nobleſt comforts ſtill are mine,
Comforts which ſhall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

V.

Amidſt the various ſcenes of ills,
Each ſtroke ſome kind deſign fulfils;
And ſhall I murmur at my God,
When ſov'reign love directs the rod?

VI.

His hand will ſmooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder ſkies, and brighter plains,
Where everlaſting pleaſure reigns.

HYMN LXXIV. Common Metre.

Comfort in Sickneſs and Death.

I.

WHEN ſickneſs ſhakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleaſure flies;
Phantoms of bliſs no more obſcure
Our long deluded eyes.

II.

Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal ſceptre ſhows;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

III.

The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into duſt;
Nature ſhall faint—but learn, my ſoul,
On nature's God to truſt.

IV.

The man, whoſe pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,
From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
And kiſs the chaſt'ning rod.

V.

Nor him ſhall death itſelf alarm;
On heav'n his ſoul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with compoſure dies.

HYMN LXXV. Long Metre.

For the Humane Society.

I.

WHO from the gloomy ſhades of night,
When the laſt tear of hope is ſhed,
Can bid the ſoul return to light,
And break the ſlumber of the dead?

II.

No human ſkill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blaſt of nature froze;
Recall to life the periſh'd form;
The ſecret of the grave diſcloſe.

III.

But thou, our ſaving God, we know,
Canſt arm the mortal hand with pow'r,
To bid the ſtagnant pulſes flow,
The animating heat reſtore.

IV.

Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life theſe limbs unfold,
Did the impriſon'd brain expand,
And all its countleſs fibres told.

V.

As from the duſt thy forming breath
Could the unconſcious being raiſe,
So can the ſilent voice of death
Wake at thy call in ſongs of praiſe.

VI.

"Since twice to die is ours alone,
And twice the birth of life to ſee,
O let us, ſuppliant at thy throne,
Devote our ſecond life to thee."

[The laſt verſe is to be ſung by thoſe who have been reſtored to life from apparent death.]

HYMN LXXVI. Common Metre.

The Death of a Child.

I.

LIFE is a ſpan, a fleeting hour;
How ſoon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender tranſient flow'r,
That ev'n in blooming dies.

II.

Death ſpreads, like winter, frozen arms,
And beauty ſmiles no more;

Where now are fled thoſe riſing charms,
Which pleas'd our eyes before?

III.

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

IV.

But wait the interpoſing gloom,
And lo, ſtern winter flies;
And dreſs'd in beauty's faireſt bloom,
The flow'ry tribes ariſe.

V.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall riſe in full immortal prime,
And bloom, to fade no more.

VI.

Then ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlaſting ſpring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

HYMN LXXVII. Common Metre.

The Death of a young Perſon.

I.

WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity muſt demand.

II.

While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth, impreſs'd
With awful pow'r—I too muſt die,
Sink deep in ev'ry breaſt!

III.

Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour:
To-morrow, death may come.

IV.

The voice of this alarming ſcene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

A Funeral Thought.

I.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful ſound;
My ears attend the cry:
Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

II.

Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend head,
Muſt lie as low as ours.

III.

Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

IV.

Grant us the aids of quick'ning grace,
To fit us for the ſky,
That we may cloſe our mortal race,
With hopes of bliſs on high.

HYMN LXXIX. Common Metre.

Bleſſed are the dead who die in the Lord.

I.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the ſavour of their names,
And ſoft their ſleeping bed.

II.

They die in Jeſus, and are bleſs'd:
How calm their ſlumbers are!
Tempted no more, no more diſtreſs'd,
And freed from ev'ry ſnare.

III.

Far from this world of toil and ſtrife,
They're ſafe in thee, O LORD!
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN LXXX. Common Metre.

Emblems of Man's Reſurrection.

I.

ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and bloſſoms yield,

II.

Reſign the honours of their form
At winter's ſtormy blaſt,
And leave the naked leafleſs plain
A deſolated waſte.

III.

Yet ſoon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew ſhall deck the plain;
The woods ſhall hear the voice of ſpring,
And flouriſh green again.

IV.

So to the dreary grave conſign'd,
Man ſleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The ſlumbers of the tomb.

V.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful reſt,
Whence I ſhall gladly riſe at length,
And mingle with the bleſs'd!

VI.

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death ſhall ſet me free.

HYMN LXXXI. Common Metre.

A Proſpect of Heaven makes Death eaſy.

I.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

II.

There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

III.

But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea,
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

IV.

O! could we make theſe doubts remove,
And view the landſcape o'er,
Not death's cold flood ſhould chill our love,
Or fright us from the ſhore.

HYMN LXXXII. Common Metre.

Aſpiring after immortal Joys.

I.

WHY ſhould the world's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardleſs of immortal joys,
And ſtrangers to the ſkies?

II.

Theſe tranſient ſcenes will ſoon decay,
They fade upon the ſight:
And quickly will their brighteſt day
Be loſt in endleſs night.

III.

O could our thoughts and wiſhes fly,
Above earth's gloomy ſhades,
To thoſe bright worlds beyond the ſky,
Which ſorrow ne'er invades!

IV.

There joys, unſeen by mortal eyes,
Or reaſon's feeble ray,
In ever blooming proſpect riſe,
Unconſcious of decay.

V.

LORD, ſend a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

VI.

Then ſhall on faith's ſublimeſt wing
Our ardent wiſhes riſe,
To thoſe bright ſcenes, where pleaſures ſpring
Immortal in the ſkies.

HYMN LXXXIII. Short Metre.

The Hope of a bleſſed Immortality.

I.

COME ye who love the LORD,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong of ſweet accord,
And thus approach his throne.

II.

God, our eternal friend,
No preſent good denies;
And when our preſent courſe ſhall end,
Will call us to the ſkies.

III.

There we ſhall ſee his face,
And never more ſhall ſin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

IV.

The ſons of God have found
Glory begun below ;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

V.

Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry !
We're travelling through the paths of peace
To brighter worlds on high.

HYMN LXXXIV. Long Metre.

The Day of Judgment.

I.

THE heart, dejected, ſighs to know,
Why vice triumphant reigns below ;
Why ſaints have fall'n in ev'ry age,
The victims of tyrannick rage.

II.

Faſt roll ſucceſſive years away ;
Faſt haſtens the important day,
When, to th' aſtoniſh'd world's ſurpriſe,
God's high tribunal ſhall ariſe.

III.

Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's piercing ſound ;
The riſing dead aſſemble round ;
In long proceſſion ſee they come,
Each to receive his righteous doom.

IV.

Lo, there, a vile degen'rate race;
Pale terrour ſits on ev'ry face:
Here, on the right, a joyful band,
The ſons of ſuff'ring virtue ſtand.

V.

The ſentence paſs'd, lo, theſe ariſe
To bliſs and glory in the ſkies;
While thoſe, who once ſtood high in fame,
Sink down to juſt contempt and ſhame.

VI.

Thus ſhall God's providence appear
Without a ſhade divinely fair;
And bluſhing doubt with joy confeſs,
The LORD's a God of righteouſneſs.

HYMN LXXXV. Common Metre.

Salvation.

I.

SALVATION! O, the joyful ſound;
'Tis pleaſure to our ears;
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

II.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around;
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

HYMN LXXXVI. Thirteenth Metre.

Thanks to God, at the Close of publick Worſhip, for the Goſpel.

LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us, each thy peace poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Goſpel's joyful ſound;
May the fruits of thy ſalvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

HYMN LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

TRIUMPHANT hallelujahs raiſe:
The LORD almighty reigns:
Salvation, glory, honour, praiſe,
Reſound in joyful ſtrains.
Amen! Hallelujah! Rejoice!
The LORD, our God, is King.
With grateful hearts, and cheerful voice,
Loud hallelujahs ſing.
Amen! Hallelujah! Rejoice!
The LORD, our God, is King.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Praiſe to the eternal King.

AND now to heav'n's eternal King,
Who reigns immortal in the ſkies,
Whence life, and joy, and glory ſpring,
The only pow'rful, juſt, and wiſe;
In grateful melody of ſong,
Let heav'n and earth their voices raiſe;
Through diſtant worlds the theme prolong,
And crown eternity with praiſe.

HYMN LXXXIX. Short Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Nations.

THY name, almighty LORD,
Shall ſound through diſtant lands:
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word;
Thy truth for ever ſtands.
All nations thou haſt made:
Let all their God adore,
Till morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

HYMN XC. Long Metre.

The Lord's Prayer.

I.

FATHER, ador'd in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallow'd ſtill;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heav'n, obey thy will.

II.

LORD, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the ſins which we forſake:
In thy compaſſion let us ſhare,
As fellow men of ours partake.

III.

Evils beſet us ev'ry hour;
Thy kind protection we implore.
Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r,
The glory thine for evermore.

HYMN XCI. Long Metre.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

I.

ETERNAL Pow'r! thy lofty throne
Shines with a luſtre all its own,
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

II.

Earth from afar has heard thy fame;
Our tongues have learn'd to ſing thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

III.

God is in heav'n, and men below;
Who can the boundleſs diff'rence know?
A ſacred rev'rence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

DOXOLOGIES.

I. Common Metre.

TO thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace;
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies;
One chorus let all beings raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

II. Long Metre.

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

III. Short Metre.

TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all who dwell below the ſkies,
Their grateful praiſes ſing.

IV. Six Line Long Metre.

LET all with humble hearts adore
The bleſs'd, ſupreme, immortal Pow'r;
The LORD of lords, and King of kings;
Whoſe preſence fills the realms of light,
The rolling worlds, the depths of night;
From whom the whole creation ſprings.

V. Hallelujah Metre.

NOW to the King of heav'n
Your cheerful voices raiſe:
To him be glory giv'n,
Pow'r, majeſty, and praiſe.
Wide as he reigns,
His name be ſung,
By ev'ry tongue,
In endleſs ſtrains.

VI. All Sevens Metre.

TO the great eternal King
Raiſe your voice, and, joyful, ſing;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

VII. Eighth Metre.

THEN praiſe ye the LORD,
Prepare a glad ſong,
And let all his ſaints
In full concert join;
With voices united
The anthem prolong,
And ſhow forth his honours
In muſick divine.

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*** WHEN no author's name appears in the Index, the ſelection is made from Tate and Brady's Verſion.

THE editors would here acknowledge, that in the choice of the pſalms and hymns contained in this volume, they have been guided by the judgment and taſte of the collectors of the following books of ſacred poetry:

Drummond's Select Portions of Tate and Brady's Pſalms. London. 1791.
Bentley's Collection of Pſalms and Hymns. Salem.
A Collection of Hymns from Dr. Watts, &c. Boſton.
Weſt Boſton Collection of Hymns. 1783.
Belknap's Sacred Poetry. Boſton. 1795.
Knox's Elegant Extracts: Poetry: Book I. Lond. 1790.
Poetical Monitor. London. 1796.
Collection of Pſalms for the uſe of a congregation of Proteſtant Diſſenters in Liverpool. 1763.
Collection of Hymns. Saliſbury. 1778.
Lindſey's Collection of Hymns and Pſalms. London. 1793.
Collection of Hymns and Pſalms. Plymouth. 1790.
Pſalms and Hymns for the uſe of the New Meeting in Birmingham. 1790.
Enfield's Selection of Hymns. 1795.

Many of the hymns and pſalms are abridged or altered; and to ſome additions are made. For theſe *alterations* and *additions* the editors are indebted, with a few exceptions, to the ſix laſt mentioned books.

Church in Tremont Street, BOSTON. 1799.

NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT METRES.

1. COMMON Metre, as the 1ſt. Pſalm.
2. Long Metre, as the 18th. and 45th. Pſalms.
3. Short Metre, as the 25th. Pſalm.
4. Six Line Long Metre, as the 113th. and the 23d. Pſalm, p. 22.
5. Six Line Metre, as the 27th. Hymn.
6. Hallelujah Metre, as the 84th. Pſalm, p. 68, and the 136th. Pſalm, p. 131.
7. All Sevens Metre, as the 30th. 31ſt. and 56th. Hymns.
8. Eighth Metre, as the 149th. Pſalm.
9. Ninth Metre, as the 96th. Pſalm, p. 84.
10. Tenth Metre, as the 96th. Pſalm, p. 85.
11. Eleventh Metre, as the 32d. Hymn.
12. Twelfth Metre, as the 33d. Hymn.
13. Thirteenth Metre, as the 34th. Hymn.
14. Fourteenth Metre, as the 35th. Hymn.
15. Fifteenth Metre, as the 36th. Hymn.
16. Sixteenth Metre, as the 41ſt. Hymn.